THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1874 by the SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1874.

Vol. LIII. THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1874. TERMS $3.00 a Year in Advance. No. 42.

AN AWAKENING.

The silken tassels of the oak trees fall,
And all the soft expectancy of Spring
Breathes through the air; the plaintive linnets sing,
And higher up the clear-voiced thrushes call.
The golden jasmine stars the southern wall,
And almond-scented, tropic blossoms lie,
A purple cloud against a sapphire sky,
Where swayed the nodding hemlocks, sombre, tall.

The April sunlight with capricious gleam,
Paint with the burden of the roses' musk,
Dies 'neath a cloud, and leaves the world adusk;
The silver bat-ses of a wanton stream
Sounds from the woodland, waked from Winter's dream.

RIBYL KEIM.

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

THICK-COMING FANCIES.

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseased;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

—*Shakespeare.*

Doris Carlyon's swoon was of short duration. Only for that one brief moment did her insensibility last. When she opened her eyes, her guest in the Puritan costume was standing looking at her with a curious smile upon his face.

"Is this joy or sorrow, Doris?" he asked.

"Neither," she faltered. "It was the shock—the surprise."

"It should be no surprise to see me."

"Of course not; but it was, and now you are here, what do you mean to do?"

"Whatever my fancy prompts me," he replied, with a short laugh. "Enjoy myself—rest, above all things—I am almost tired out."

She looked at him more closely now, and saw that his face was worn and haggard, and that he looked like a man faint from weariness or want.

"I'm not starving," he said, guessing her thought, "though I was a few weeks ago. I've found a friend to give me a mouthful, and to help me to these things to come here in. I'm weak from illness now, not want."

"Sit down," Doris said, looking at him intently. "Rest here awhile—no one will disturb us here. To-morrow we will settle what is to be done."

"What is to be paid to keep me away, I suppose? We'll come to that point at once. Nothing—not all the wealth you possess—should bribe me to let you keep your secret another day."

"Perhaps it would be as well to make an end of it," she said, with a weary, hunted look upon her face. "It would be better than living with a sword hanging over my head, as I have done for the past three years. Do me one favor."

"What is it?"

"Don't make any disturbance here to-night. Let this evening pass over in peace."

"Very well; but I don't stir from here, I promise you. What are you doing in there?"

"Only seeing whether there is any wine here. I generally keep a little here. Will you not have some?"

"Leave it alone, and I'll help myself. I'll take nothing from your hands. Go back and play the queen yonder—it will be the last time, I promise you."

"Very well. If you wish to rest you will be quite undisturbed here," she said. "No one comes here without my permission."

"I'll show up in the ball-room by and by," he said, stretching himself on the sofa, and she could hear his breath coming hoarse and hollow under his armor. "You'll have to coaxet me up a bit, Miss Carlyon—I'm not half the man I was."

"I will come back presently. You will find wine there, as I told you. I will not even place it on the table if you distrust me so much."

"I do distrust you; but we will change all that now I have come home."

"Of course you have come home. Nobody will deny you any privilege you may claim here."

Still the curious far-away look in her eyes, as though her mind was far distant; but her guest seemed too weary almost to notice it.

"I believe I'm about done up," he said. "I wonder I had strength left to come here at all. I rather feared a warm sort of a reception. You are something tamed down, Miss Carlyon."

"You were mistaken, you see," she said, coldly. "But rest here as long as you like, and meet me in the ball-room. You can ring for a servant to show you the way when you come."

She left him lying on the pale-blue satin couch, crushing the dainty lace and the soft cushions, and shut the door, standing still a minute outside to crush down the dizzy beating of her heart. The corridor was dark and empty, and she listened intently. She heard him cross the room to the cupboard where he had told her to leave the wine alone. She held her breath almost while she heard the slight click of a glass.

"There's only wine there," she said. "There's not much harm in that."

Then she heard him lie down again with a bang that made the delicate springs of the couch creak again, and with a low, shuddering sigh, she turned away.

"Who would have thought it?" she said to herself; "and how will it end? Fate favors me generally. Will my good destiny favor me now?"

She had not been absent from the ball-room very long, though the time had seemed hours to her, and there was no sign of any perplexity or worry on her beautiful face when she returned. True, the flush on her cheeks was feverish, and the light which burned in her eyes was born of suppressed excitement; but her guests did not know that, and they voted one and all that they had never known Miss Carlyon so radiant or so charming. She had a bright smile and a word for every one. If she saw any one looking the least bit triste or lonely, she was by his or her side in a moment, rallying away the gloom that shadowed them. Among her unappreciated guests was a young surgeon of the neighborhood, to whom an invitation had been vouchsafed, and who through most of the evening had been left rather to his own devices.

"I'm afraid you're not enjoying yourself, Mr. Selwyn," she said, coming up to him and touching him on the arm with her jewelled fan.

"Very much, I assure you, madam," he replied, flattered and pleased at her notice.

"You don't seem to be much. Why don't you get a partner?"

Mr. Selwyn stammered, and declared that he had asked several ladies, and they had all declared themselves engaged.

"You haven't asked me. I am not engaged."

"You! Oh, Miss Carlyon, if you would honor me!"

"With pleasure. The next is a waltz; do you waltz?"

"I do."

"Well, then, bestow it on me. If our steps do not suit, we can walk in the conservatory, or out on to the terrace. We'll keep on the edge of the circle near the windows."

It seemed as though Mr. Selwyn's step did not suit Miss Carlyon, for after a turn or two they vanished out on to the broad terrace, where there was room to walk. There Ernest Dormer found them when he came to claim his cousin for the next dance.

"This set is mine," he said. "I have been looking for you everywhere, Doris."

"And I should be so thankful if you'll let me off, I'm dreadfully tired, and if people don't see me, they won't come worrying me."

"I'll stay here with you, then."

"No, don't. Leave me with Mr. Selwyn. It seems dreadfully rude to say so, but that was the reason I asked him to dance with me. Nobody seemed to be looking after him, so I beguiled him out here for the sake of a little fresh air."

"I am honored beyond my hopes," the young man said. "I will take the greatest care of Miss Carlyon, Mr. Dormer, if you will trust her with me."

"Oh, as she pleases, of course," Ernest Dormer retorted, turning away.

"Now, what is she up to?" he asked himself. "She can't be trying any nonsense on that boor."

It seemed not, for Doris was soon in the ball-room again, taking no more notice of Mr. Selwyn than of one of the footmen, and dispensing her smiles and pleasant words with the utmost impartiality.

Mr. Selwyn left early, pleading business, and the night waned and morning dawned upon the gorgeous scene before the feet of the dancers were weary, or any sign made of breaking up.

Every one agreed that it had been a most successful affair. All the guests had enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and if one or two of the gentlemen had allowed Miss Carlyon's good wine to get the better of them, why it was only coming out into the fresh air that made them suddenly stupid, that was all.

Miss Carlyon came down about noon the next day, with a face of ghastly paleness, and dark circles under her eyes.

"My dear Doris, how ill you look!" Mrs. Bellew exclaimed.

"How ill I feel," she replied, languidly. "The effects of pleasure, auntie. Now that the excitement is over I feel half dead. I shall be better to-morrow."

"There's something wrong," said Ernest Dormer to himself. "What has happened to her, I wonder." Then aloud, "By the way, Doris, who was it that wanted you last night when you went away so mysteriously?"

"Oh, it was a stupid joke. Some one came as Oliver Cromwell, and sent in that name to me. I went in the same spirit, but it turned out a very flat jest. The man, whoever he was, wouldn't unmask, and wouldn't tell me his name. He couldn't carry out the fun, so I left him."

"Then you didn't know him?"

"Oh, yes, I did. I think it was one of the Carey people from Guy's Cliff. There's a host of them, and I recognized the voice."

"I wonder I never saw him," Ernest said, looking at his cousin, who was toying with a morsel on her plate.

"I don't think there is much wonder," she replied, carelessly, "in such a mob. I saw him once or twice, but I fancy he felt ashamed of himself, and left early. I wasn't much interested in him, whoever he was."

"You had better go away for a day or two's change," Mrs. Bellew said. "You look shockingly."

"No," she replied, "I sha'n't leave Kingcolm at present. I can recruit very well here."

But she seemed to Ernest Dormer to live for the next few days in a perfect fever of expectation and nervousness. She would start from her sleep at the slightest sound, and a ring at the hall-door or a strange step in the hall would make her start and quiver.

"It was only nervousness," she declared, "and she would send to Mr. Selwyn for a draught. He seemed a very clever young man, and it wouldn't hurt him to give him a turn."

"It will hurt him to turn his head," growled Ernest. "Why don't you send to your own doctor?"

"Because I don't choose," was the sharp response.

And Ernest Dormer felt he had interfered too far, and said no more.

Mr. Selwyn sent the draught, and it did Miss Carlyon a great deal of good (she must have explained her symptoms very minutely in the note she wrote him,) and she recovered her spirits and appetite, though her cousin was rude enough to assert that the medicine was nothing but red lavender and water, skilfully flavored.

A week passed away, and Mr. Dormer had gone to town, to the great relief of Doris, when a servant entered, as she sat with her aunt at luncheon, and announced that a stranger wished to speak to her.

"A stranger!"

Her heart gave a quick, suffocating leap as she echoed the man's words.

"Yes, miss."

"Did he give no name?"

"He said he doubted whether you would know his name. He would not intrude for the world, he said, but his business with you was urgent."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"An old man, miss—small, and with very white hair. He seems like a gentleman in manner."

Doris heaved a sigh of relief. It was not the intrusive stranger at whose feet she had sunk senseless the night of the ball.

"Tell him I will come in a few minutes," she said. "Show him into the library."

The man withdrew, and Doris went to the library after a minute or two to find herself face to face with Jabez Colliver.

She scarcely knew him in the quaint, old-fashioned black suit he had donned for his expedition—he looked such a different figure to the picturesque old man she had seen in the gaberdine and the velvet cap at Limehouse. He carried a stiff, tall hat in his hand, and was examining the costly books and pictures with as much interest as an extremely obtrusive collar would allow.

Doris greeted him politely and kindly.

"I am so ashamed of myself, Mr. Colliver," she said. "Of course you have come about the lace. Believe me, I forgot it. The steward shall give you a check at once."

"I did not come for that, madam," he said, gravely. "That is all right, I am sure. I came about quite another matter."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I am troubled about an acquaintance of mine who is missing."

"Missing!"

"Yes, madam, since the night of your great ball, of which the newspapers have been so full."

"I am very much obliged to the papers, I am sure; but what has this missing person to do with that or me?"

"That I don't quite know. Will you pardon me if I detain you while I tell you what I know?"

"Certainly. Sit down, I beg."

"I am to blame, Miss Carlyon, perhaps, in what I did; but the facts were these: An old acquaintance of mine came from beyond seas a little while ago, and most unaccountably to me was possessed with a sort of madness about your ball. I firmly believe now that he was mad, for he started from my house to come here, and has not been heard of since. I schemed to get a ticket for him—I needn't tell you how now—and I provided him with his dress. It was a very costly one, and I shall be a great loser if he cannot be found."

"What kind of a dress was it?"

"He was dressed as Oliver Cromwell, Miss Carlyon. Did he come here; and if so, what became of him? I cannot find out that any one has seen him since."

CHAPTER XVII.

WHAT HAD BECOME OF RALPH RUTHERFORD.

I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.

—*Shakespeare.*

"I don't quite see how I can help you," Doris Carlyon said, somewhat stiffly.

"But such a man came here? You can at least tell me that."

"Yes, a person came here so dressed. It was a jest, I imagine, suggested by my own assumption of the character of Henrietta Maria. The man was a stranger to me, and I have no idea how he came here, or with whom."

"And you do not know when he left?"

"I do not. I had to say good-bye to all my guests; but you can readily understand that a hostess may readily miss one or two out of three hundred or so. I can inquire of the servants who attended in the gentlemen's cloak-room, if you like."

"If you would be so good, madam. I am very anxious, not only on account of the dress—I can replace that—but—"

"The person was a friend of yours—is that it?"

"Just so, Miss Carlyon."

The two men who had waited on the gentlemen came in obedience to the summons of their mistress, but could tell nothing. Many of the gentlemen had gone away cloaked and masked as they had come, and the confusion and glitter had completely destroyed their remembrance of any particular costume. As to what Oliver Cromwell might have looked like they had no idea.

"There was a many gents in armor, miss," one of them said. "Leastways, spangles and such."

"And some as wrapped themselves up very tight, as if they was ashamed of being seen in the daylight," added the other. "One or two had had a little drop too much, and had to be helped a bit."

"I am sorry to have troubled you so much, Miss Carlyon," Jabez Colliver said; "but I hoped you might have been able to help me to some elucidation of the mystery."

"I am sorry I cannot; but is it necessarily a mystery, Mr. Colliver? Your friend may be amusing himself at your expense, and staying away on purpose. Such eccentric freaks have been known."

"I do not think this is one. I know that Ralph Rutherford—"

"Is that the person's name?"

It was only with very scant interest that Doris spoke, playing with her watch chain the while. She had heard almost enough of this tiresome person who had intruded at her ball, and she was getting tired of Jabez Colliver's inquiries about it.

"Yes, that was his name. I know that he must have been slightly crazy in his persistence about coming here. His notion was that he should meet some one he knew in your house."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; some one who had wronged him deeply."

"He must have been very mad, or things go on under my roof that I know nothing of. I don't think he spoke to any one in the place. I expect you will find that his disappearance is only another phase of his madness."

"I think not, madam."

"Why?"

"Because he left a very sufficient guarantee for his return in my hands."

"Indeed!"

She did not say "What is it?" in words; but he answered her look.

"Yes, madam. A little child."

"A—little—child!"

The words seemed to come in dry gasps from Doris Carlyon's white lips, and she turned her head hastily, that he might not see the ashy pallor of her face. A sudden faintness seized her, and the room seemed to swim round with her.

"I have been very unwell since the ball," she said, in apology. "Over-excitement does not agree with me. I beg your pardon, Mr. Colliver—you were saying something about a child."

"Yes, madam. It is left at my house, poor thing, and I am loth to take it to the workhouse. It is a fine little fellow."

"A boy?"

"Yes."

"It seems a strange business altogether, Mr. Colliver," Doris said, after a pause. "I wish I could help you in it. Will you let me know what you are going to do after a few days, if the—the man does not reappear."

"Surely, madam."

"And this destitute child—will you keep it a little longer, and allow me to provide it with some clothes—that is, if it requires them."

"He wants everything, poor baby."

"Then take this from me and fit him out, and don't give him to the parish people without letting me know. I should like to see him."

"I would send him anywhere to you—that is, if his father doesn't return," said Jabez, alarmed lest Miss Carlyon should propose to visit Limehouse again.

"Thank you. If he does not, I should like to see the child; but I couldn't visit your part of the world again even for that."

She laughed as she spoke; but there was a drawn, set look upon her face, and the hand with which she handed him some gold from her portmonnaie shook as with an ague fit.

"You will take some refreshment before you leave, Mr. Colliver," she said, "and I will have a check for the price of the lace made out for you."

She bade him adieu kindly, and walked steadily out of the room; but she could hardly drag herself to her own bedroom when she fell fainting at the feet of her maid, terrifying that young person nearly out of her senses. She was raised and put to bed, only to rouse and faint again, till Mrs. Bellew, in terror lest she was dying, sent post haste for Mr. Selwyn, who was the nearest doctor.

He came at once, followed in a very short time by the family doctor from Warwick, who approved of all that had been done, and delighted the younger doctor's heart by his approval, and expressed a wish that Mr. Selwyn would stay and watch Miss Carlyon for a few hours.

She was better in the morning, and ready to agree to her aunt's proposition that they should go away for a change somewhere.

The season was getting late for the sea; but still the bracing air of the coast would strengthen and invigorate her.

Jabez Colliver went home more puzzled than ever, and more fully convinced that the man who had called himself Ralph Rutherford was mad. He had known him and his father before him very well. The elder Rutherford had been, like himself, an artist, and his son had grown up to follow the same profession. But a roving mania had seized the young man, and he had gone to sea, returning now and then for a time, and finally disappearing altogether.

The scar by which Jabez Colliver had now recognized him had been got in dragging the old man from under the hoofs of a vicious horse, which had knocked him down, and which nearly cost Ralph Rutherford his life. The accident had happened in one of his intervals on shore, and had made Jabez the younger man's debtor for life. He had long believed him dead, when he made his appearance, weary and foot-sore, and begged help and shelter from him.

His story was a curious one. He had led a strange, eventful life in all parts of the world, and finally had settled down, as he thought, to happiness and content with a loving, pretty wife.

He did not tell Jabez very much of this part of his history; but said enough for him to gather that the girl had proved false to him, or that he had fancied he had sufficient proof of the fact, and his rival had been murdered.

What connection all this had with Doris Carlyon and her ball did not seem very clear; but thither Ralph Rutherford had gone, and never had come back—at least, had never returned to Limehouse.

He seemed passionately fond of the child, whom its mother, he said, had abandoned, and was not likely willingly to have left it.

Jabez Colliver had told the whole facts to Jasper Onslow and his wife. Miss Carlyon's ball was public matter enough. The papers discussed it, and issued plates of Kingcolm Grange, and sketches of the dresses, so that to keep the knowledge of her whereabouts from her former victim was impossible. Not that it signified much; Jasper Onslow cared nothing for her now. She might give a hundred balls, and he would not crave to be present at one.

The little child seemed very content in the queer old Manor. Muriel undertook to see Miss Carlyon's gift laid out for him; and he played about in a quiet, unobtrusive fashion, that told of a lonely infancy and a mind rather in advance of his years.

"I shall keep him a week," Jabez Colliver said, "and then I shall write to Miss Carlyon again. There need be no scruple in taking a little of her great wealth for a poor little orphan, as I firmly believe this boy to be."

"Do you fancy his father is dead?" Muriel asked.

"I do."

"Why?"

"I cannot tell. Ask me why we eat, drink, sleep, move. I seem to have an intuitive knowledge that it is so—that we shall never see Ralph Rutherford alive in this world again."

He gave notice to the police of the disappearance, but they were inclined to ridicule the whole thing. They declared there was nothing more likely than for a penniless tramp to leave his child wherever he could, and make off with a valuable dress that he could turn into money.

"But he couldn't walk away in it," Jabez argued, "and he had nothing else to wear."

They wouldn't alter their opinion, though they promised to help him, and made a few inquiries at Kingcolm, which resulted in nothing.

Before the end of the week the mystery was solved. A porter brought a large hamper to the Manor, carriage paid from Liverpool, and on being opened it was found to contain the dress which had been provided for Ralph Rutherford, a little soiled and tumbled, but not much the worse, except the ruffles, which were torn to pieces, as if from some scuffle.

Pinned to the coat was an envelope containing a letter and a ten-pound note. The former was much scrawled and blotted, but legible, and the latter was genuine.

Jabez Colliver read the writing in much bewilderment, and handed it to Jasper and Muriel for their perusal,

"He must be mad!" he said; "stark, staring mad! I wonder what he's gone after."

"LIVERPOOL, Oct. 18th, 18—.

"DEAR OLD FRIEND:—I know I have been putting you to terrible anxiety about me, but I couldn't help it. If I ever see you again, I'll explain all. I was mistaken the other day. I could get no clue to the party I wanted at Kingcolm Grange, and am following another trail now. I'm going to follow it to Lima in a ship that sails to-night. Get my boy into some school or institution if you can. There are plenty of good people about you who will put you in the way of it. Don't put the little beggar in the workhouse, for the sake of our old friendship. The enclosed will pay for the hire of the dress, and leave something for the little one's keep. Don't let him forget his papa, who will come back for him some day. I'll send some more money if I'm a live man in three months. Your old friend, RALPH RUTHERFORD."

"It's a queer letter," said Jabez, when they had all read it, "a very queer letter."

"Do you think it is genuine," Jasper asked.

"I don't know what to think. It sounds genuine enough; but what I should like to know is, where did he get the money?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

GONE OUT WITH THE DAWN.

The fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart.
Wordsworth.

And so the mystery of Ralph Rutherford's disappearance came to an end, and the little boy was left on the hands of Jabez Colliver, who in due time wrote to Doris Carlyon respecting him. That lady sent a reply through her solicitor, offering to adopt and provide for the child, with Mr. Colliver's permission, and accordingly he was provided with an outfit of clothing, prepared for him by Muriel, and sent to the house of her steward, who was to take charge of him for the present.

A few days after his departure, Jasper Onslow received a letter from a cousin of his father's in the south of France. He was almost the only relation he had in the world, and he had the reputation of being fabulously rich, though he lived in a quiet way enough. The letter stated that he was in declining health, and would fain see one of his own blood before he died. He had a little property, he said, which should be his cousin's at his death if he would come and see him.

"A little is better than none," Jasper said, showing the letter to his employer. "Can you spare me, Mr. Colliver?"

"Only for a little while now, my boy. Go and renew your acquaintance with your cousin, and then come back. I want to go away myself after a fortnight or so."

"Go away?"

"Yes. Is there anything very astonishing in that?"

"No; but—"

"But what?"

"I hardly know what I was going to say. Somehow, you seem such a fixture that the idea of your going away seems odd, that is all."

"Oh, the neighbors would tell you a different tale if you asked them. I have been in the habit of going away now and then, and shutting up the old manor. I wander all over Europe sometimes, picking up and selling things. The roving mania has not been so strong upon me since I have had your company, and your wife's bright face to look in upon us sometimes."

"I am glad to think that. You must have been very lonely here sometimes."

"Old people are often left to be lonely," Jabez replied, with a sigh. "I have outlived all my kindred, and I have encouraged no fawners to flatter me for the sake of what they could get. Not that there's much to be got here," he added, looking round with a queer smile.

"I think we have got a great deal here," Muriel said, gently. "Everything that makes life happy, and all through you, Mr. Colliver."

"Aye, is it so? It is pleasant to think that," Jabez said, patting her shoulder. "My life has been pleasanter since you came, my dear. Go to France, by all means," he added to Jasper; "but be back in ten days, for I want to get away this month myself."

"And how long shall you be away?"

"I really can't tell. I'm apt to stray when I get across the Channel. Perhaps a month—perhaps two or three. I shall feel that the manor and all in it is safe in your charge."

"You will not shut it up, then, this time?"

"No; I will leave it to you, and sufficient money to meet the current expenses during my absence. You mustn't be alarmed if you don't hear from me. I'm not much of a penman; and if anything should happen to me—death or sickness—"

"Oh, Mr. Colliver," Muriel exclaimed, "don't anticipate such dreadful things!"

"My dear child, we must all die some time, and the end is likely to come to an old man like me at any time. I am not anticipating—only taking precautions. If anything befall me, written instructions will be found upon me what is to be done, and you will not be kept in suspense."

Somehow or other Muriel's heart sank terribly at the prospect of the old man's absence. One of those strange forebodings which seize us in spite of ourselves seemed to take hold of her, and she begged him, with tears almost, not to undertake such a journey on the edge of winter. But he only laughed at her fears, and told her he never considered weather or seasons when he took it into his head to go away.

She learned from her landlady that periodical disappearances on Jabez Colliver's part were looked upon as things of course by the good people of Limehouse.

"He's been ever so much more civilized and Christianlike since you have been here," the woman said.

"How?"

"Why, in acting like other folks. He hasn't gone rampaging off the Lord knows where since you've come to him. Many's the time I've gone past the manor in the morning, and saw it all shut and barred up, and it would stay so for weeks together, perhaps with the police all watching it that no one should break in; and I have gone by again and seen it all open, and him sitting there and eating the boys as though he had never been away."

"Then he comes and goes suddenly?"

"Suddenly ain't the word for it, ma'am—like a ghost, I call it. Going forth with his staff and his scrip, he calls it. It's my belief he'll go forth once too often, and never come back."

"I think he's too feeble now to go about alone in that way. He seems to me to fail very much lately."

"I've thought so too, ma'am. He must be a very old man. Those little upright people are so very deceiving about their age. I should say he was a good bit past seventy."

"I wish he wouldn't go, or if he went, let Jasper go with him."

"Aye, that would be better; but he is such an odd old fellow, I don't suppose he would consent. He'll do very well, I daresay, Mrs. Onslow. He's healthy and sensible enough, though he is a little bit feeble."

But the anxiety would not leave Muriel's heart, and she took opportunity to beg that Jasper might be allowed to share the old man's journey. Her pleadings were of no avail. He would go in his own old way, as he had done before.

"Heaven will take care of me, my dear," he said. "There is a providence watches over old folks and children, and I've always been safe in his hands hitherto. Don't try to shake my faith, little woman; it's strong enough to carry me through all I shall encounter."

"I don't want to—it isn't that; but are you strong enough yourself for such fatigue? You haven't seemed so well lately, and—"

"I know, I know, my dear. I am not so strong as I was—every year at my age lessens the strength and adds to the burden—but I am well enough for what I mean to do. I don't think I shall ever take another journey. I have had one or two warnings to 'set my house in order,' and I will come home and obey them."

She knew it was no use arguing, and the subject dropped. Jabez Colliver was to start on his journey as soon as Jasper returned from France.

He came back at the end of a week, having found his cousin, to whom he had promised to return whenever he should be summoned to his side.

"And that won't be long, I fancy," he said. "He seems very near his end, poor old fellow. He would not let me stay now. My first duty was to my employer, he said."

"So it is, Jasper—your very first. What is he like, this Mr. Onslow?"

"He's a queer old man, very like my father as I remember him, and extremely eccentric, as I should imagine."

"A bachelor?"

"Yes; crossed in love some unmentionable number of years ago, and has shut himself up in that old house in Languedoc ever since. The people about there seem to fancy that I shall come into fabulous wealth when he dies."

"Then you are named his heir?"

"Yes."

"Did you see the will?"

"I did. Everything is left to me—the old house, the wormeaten furniture, the lean pigs in the sty, and all. We shall be able to go and live on our own estate, Muriel, when the old man dies."

"Do you think he is rich?"

"No, I don't. I believe what he himself says, that he has only a few thousand francs and his house besides an annuity which dies with him. I dare say, counting everything, we may be three or four thousand pounds the richer for his death."

"Well, I don't wish him dead," said Muriel, with a smile, "but we shall be very glad of the money. Shall you leave Limehouse if this good fortune comes to us?"

"I've thought of that, Muriel, and I think not. I've given a sort of promise to Mr. Colliver that I won't leave him, and if you are happy here—"

"Happy, Jasper! I never was so happy in my life. Make a home with the money, and let us stay where we are. You can take a house, and begin your painting again, and make your way to the top of the tree yet, who knows?"

"Too late, I am afraid, little wife," Jasper replied; but his eye kindled at the idea nevertheless.

Want of means had kept him from trying his skill again. The hire of a studio, the purchase of materials, and the thousand and one trifles that go to make up an artist's stock-in-trade, were all beyond his purse at present, and he could not encroach upon the slender little store which Muriel had contrived to lay by, for there was another little mouth coming soon to be fed, and Master Jasper Ernest was growing bigger and more expensive every day.

The eve of Jabez Colliver's departure came, and he took leave of Muriel.

"I shall be off before you rise in the morning, my child," he said. "We won't begin the new day with partings. Heaven bless you, my dear, and good-bye."

Muriel thought that he looked more than usually pale and wan, and she would fain have begged him not to go, but she had already said so much to him about it that she felt it useless to repeat her words.

"Get to bed, darling," Jasper said. "I am going to stay with Mr. Colliver to-night."

"Aye, we have two or three things to settle," the old man said. "He is going to see me off. I shall start with the first break of day."

Muriel went as she was bidden; but she could not sleep, nor imagine why her heart should be so full. She had a good hearty cry before she undressed. Somehow it seemed as though she had parted forever from the old man she had grown to like so much.

Jasper sat alone after she had gone, listening to Jabez Colliver moving about in that store-room of his at the back. The door of communication was open, and he could see the light of his lamp through the narrow, dark passage. He was looking over and sorting a few rare and curious articles which he had only lately received, and from which he seemed loth to part.

Jasper sat listening for some time, and then all was quiet.

"What is he doing?" he thought. "Had I better disturb him, I wonder?"

The light was still burning, and he went down the narrow passage and joined his employer in the business which kept him in that particular room.

About an hour after the policeman on duty in front of the manor saw the door open, and the quaint figure of Jabez Colliver came forth staff in hand. He was wrapped from head to foot in a loose cloak or gown such as he had often seen him wear, and a fur cap was tied closely down over his ears, almost covering his white hair, though a little of it straggled over his shoulders still.

"Off again, Mr. Colliver," he said.

"Yes, off again," Jabez returned, his voice coming rather indistinctly from under the handkerchief which wrapped his throat and face. "For once more, you see; good-bye, friend."

"Good-bye, Mr. Colliver; a pleasant journey to you."

"Thank you, thank you," the old man said, as he tottered away, leaving the policeman looking after him keenly.

"It's not many more journeys as he'll take," he said to himself. "He oughtn't to be let go about by himself, that he oughtn't."

He said as much to Jasper Onslow, who opened the door and shutters of the manor before he left his beat; but Jasper didn't seem to take his remarks in good part at all, and reminded him that Mr. Colliver had a right to do as he pleased, and was, as the man told his comrades afterward, "very 'igh and 'aughty, indeed, about it."

(*To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 6.*)

CARRY'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER I.

Jack had convoyed me as far as the gate, and I waited, watching the glimmer of his pipe till his figure was out of sight among the trees, before I knocked with a little low knock, not wishing to disturb the others. The door was opened by my father to my surprise; for, even if he happened to be at home, he seldom sat up for any of us who chanced to be out.

I started from a momentary fear of some misfortune, which was not wholly removed by the glimpse I had of his face. He seemed excited; and, though it appeared to be no unpleasurable excitement, I had more than once had occasion to learn that what was considered as good fortune by him could not but be regarded in a different light by the rest of the family.

"Come in, my dear," he said, not impatiently, but as if he had awaited my return with a certain amount of expectation; "your mother wants to speak to you, and so do I."

"What could it be about?" I asked myself, as I followed him into the parlor. They certainly could have no knowledge yet of the conversation I had just been holding with Jack under the trees—could not know, even if by any chance they should be able to guess, that he had said—not exactly with precise words pointing the reference to me, but plainly enough for me to understand—that he could wait years and years for a girl he loved, and who would be willing to wait for him.

My mother, I knew, loved Jack—almost as much as I did, I was going to say—almost as much, at least, as if he were already her son. I was not afraid of anything she might be likely to say about him, or the way in which, wherever we met, we always drifted, as it were, toward one another; but I was nervous lest my father, who so rarely showed any interest in the family concerns, and who always seemed half a stranger to us, should put in his hand now to make or mar.

My mother met me at the room door with a quivering face. I could not readily make out whether it was from joy or trouble. But she seemed in suspense, and the anxiety she was in, from whatever it arose, giving a more than usually haggard look to her worn features, made me almost involuntarily resolve that I, at least, would never add anything to the heavy burden she always had to bear.

"Come in, Carry," she said, as my father had said, and then she kissed me in a way that made me ask—

"Has anything happened?"

"Well, yes;" and then she glanced at my father standing in the doorway with his candle and watching us both. "You promised to let me tell her, James."

"And so you are telling her, aren't you?" he answered, rather brusquely. "Only I wish you'd be quicker about it, that she may have her father's kiss and blessing before she goes to bed."

"What is it, mother? Tell me!" I cried, my anxiety increased at once by my father's impatience and a sort of reluctance I seemed to discern in my mother.

"Carry," she said, hesitating, and looking every now and then toward my father, as if she regretted his presence, "something has happened, which, if you can see it in the same light as we see it, will be a great blessing to all of us—an unspeakable blessing."

"Carry's not a fool!" cried my father, coming impatiently forward, and setting his candle on the table. "There's but one light for any one to see it in—I can't conceive what's the need of all this preamble. My dear girl, Mr. Duncombe of The Barton has been here this evening to ask you to be his wife—at least to obtain my consent to his putting the question to yourself. I told him he did us great honor, but that, if a father might be pardoned for praising his own child, I must add that it was not a whit more than you deserved. Come here, my dear, and give me a kiss, and let me congratulate you upon a match that takes a load of care from your mother's breast and mine, and that will make all your acquaintances envious of you. Though I know your disposition is far too amiable for you to rejoice in eclipsing others, a parent may be pardoned for triumphing in the exaltation of such a daughter as you."

I kissed him as he bade me, and then I turned away from him to my mother with beseeching eyes. Triumph—eclipse—a match to make others envious! And what was to become of my poor Jack, or of me, who had never felt anything beyond grateful respect for the rich, kind old man who was now proposed to me as a husband?

My mother shrank from my glance.

"My darling," she said tremulously, afraid to oppose my father's plainly indicated decision that there was nothing for me to do but gladly accept Mr. Duncombe's proposal and becomes mistress of The Barton, yet conscious of a possible struggle within me against this enviable fate, "Mr. Duncombe is so good and kind that I don't think it would be possible to find a man better or kinder. And he spoke of you, dearest, in such a way that I could almost have cried, and of the pleasure he should find in being a friend to the boys. It will be the making of Charlie and Jim to be connected with such a man."

"In fact," said my father, lightly, "for such people as we are—people having nothing and wanting everything—Mr. Duncombe may be said to possess the wand of a fairy. I seem to see Charlie getting his 'step,' and Jim a good education, and little Kate drinking port wine, and"—with a tenderness most unusual pinching her cheek—"even a smile on your poor mother's face, in my mind's eye already, eh, Carry?"

If every word had been studied beforehand, as I have sometimes since thought was the case, he could not have spoken better for the effect he wanted to produce. Charlie, pushed on by powerful interest, making his way in the "service;" Jim, instead of running wild, acquiring an education that would be the saving of him; my little Kate—whom we could only hope to keep, the doctor said, by giving her the best and most nourishing food—growing plump and strong; and my now faded mother smiling over her children's prosperity—all this I could procure by becoming Mr. Duncombe's wife.

"She's quite taken aback by the good news; and no wonder," said my father kindly. "Go to bed, Carry, and dream happy dreams, my love. The mother has something to give you, to put under your pillow. There, take it, and run away with it; a first love-letter should surely be read in private."

So saying, he took from my mother's hand and slipped into mine a sealed envelope, and, giving me the candle at the same time, pushed me laughing from the room and shut the door behind me. I ran up-stairs, nothing loth to be alone; but my bed-chamber was just over the parlor, and I could hear him for a long time laughing and talking in an excited manner.

I did not open my letter at once—I gazed for a minute at the address, written in a small, firm hand, and then, laying the missive on the chest of drawers, I went and took a long look at Kate, who shared my bed, and was already asleep. But it was an uneasy slumber; she coughed as she lay, and her little feverish hand, spread out upon the coverlet, moved restlessly. I had seen a brother and sister go already in the same way—Herbert, our eldest, and the stay of us all; and, twelve months ago, little Maggie, a year younger than Kate. I knew how Herbert had denied himself everything, when such self-denial was death, and how, though mother and I had strained every nerve to save Maggie, our utmost efforts had been unable to supply the nourishing food that, given in the earlier stages of the disease, could alone have saved her.

It was with these memories in my mind that I at last opened my letter. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR CARRY—Before you read this, you will have learned that my object in writing to you is to ask you to become my wife. Such an ambition in a man of my years may appear injudicious to many, but I believe the love I have for you would teach me how to make you happy. If you can bring yourself to have the same confidence in me, I shall feel at last, in the evening of my days, that I have not altogether lived in vain. To-morrow morning I shall hope to hear your answer from your own lips. Whether it crown my hopes of a happiness that I have missed all my life, or finally defeat them, I shall always remain yours, with sincere affection,

"FAIRFAX DUNCOMBE."

The letter was not exactly eloquent, but perhaps I liked it better because it was not. I was glad that Mr. Duncombe spoke of himself frankly as being old, and also that, satisfied with the avowal of that disadvantage on his side, he had refrained from pointing out the many disadvantages on mine—had not attempted to argue the merits of the case, but, simply urging his love for me, had left the matter entirely to my own judgment. And I was touched by the reference contained in the last sentence to a great sorrow which, it was rumored, had darkened the best years of a life that, according to the ordinary course of things, should have been prosperous and bright. That admission of suffering seemed to bring him into fellowship with Jack and me, who, it appeared, were doomed to suffer so much.

And yet the idea of fellowship between him and Jack was absurd, since, if I accepted Mr. Duncombe's proposal, I must never think of him any more; but, while my heart sank under an indescribable oppression, I felt that my course could not be doubtful. Mr. Duncombe's offer was an offer of intention for my family, and I dared not refuse it. I could not doubt that, if my poor father's wild and restless ways were half as well known to others as they were to us, he would lose his appointment; and if, owing to his extravagant habits, we had now the utmost difficulty in keeping up any appearance of that station to which we had a right by birth, there would not then be even bread to put into our mouths.

Even supposing that matters could continue as they were without getting worse, my little Kate was doomed, and Jim too, to a worse fate; for he would not mind my mother or me; and, as there was no money to pay for his being sent to school, he was running wild about the streets, in danger of contracting habits that must be his ruin if once he became confirmed in them.

It was of no use going to the window to discern in the clear summer night a well-known form walking up and down smoking before the house. I was not choosing. I could have no choice.

"Heaven bless and comfort you, dear, and make you forgive me!" I said to myself as I watched the unconscious figure, and then, with a stifled sob in my throat, let fall the blind, and went and lay down beside Kate. A passionate flood of tears would have done me good, but I dared not disturb her already uneasy sleep. She slept better than I did, however, that night, for the morning light was in the room before I closed my eyes.

CHAPTER II.

I was in the kitchen, putting away the breakfast things, the next morning when Mr. Duncombe rode over from The Barton, to the great discomposure of Patty, our little maid-of-all-work, who was washing down the steps outside.

Mr. Duncombe—Squire Duncombe, as the people called him—was about sixty years old, but he had an erect, firm figure, and a splendid seat on horseback, that might have deceived any one as to his age. It was only when one was quite near and could scan his features closely that one perceived he had lived long—at least as the young count length of life—and yet even then the deep lines upon his face might seem to be written more by sorrow than by years.

I had reason to know that the stern expression which the grizzled mustache gave to his lips belied a disposition of great benevolence, for, though I never knew precisely what circumstances first drew his attention to us and our difficulties, my mother had before now found in him a kind friend. To be sure she claimed cousinship with the Fairfaxes, and, as he was Fairfax Duncombe, there may have been some distant connection.

She had seen him as well as I, and came hurrying into the kitchen.

"Carry, here he is," she cried, breathlessly; "and your father not up yet!" (he never was, when at home, before eleven o'clock.) "Fly up-stairs, dear, and put on your Sunday dress—I'll talk to him till you come down."

But I shook my head, and, only taking off the rough apron in which I had been washing the china, was going straight, in a sort of blind, dumb way, to the parlor.

"Perhaps you're right, dear," said my mother, endeavoring to follow the example of my composure, though it was more apathy than calmness; "one dress will be much the same as another to him, and, whatever gown you wear, I will say you always look a lady. But do put your hair off your forehead a little more—look in the glass there, dear, do!"

Thus adjured, I cast a glance at the little square of looking-glass hanging beside the dresser, wherein Patty was enjoined to look for the strange smudges she was apt to accumulate on cheeks and brow before opening the front-door. I saw a white face, framed in a mass of chestnut hair, and a pair of despairing eyes. Had my mother seen the look that was in them, I wondered? And with a passing astonishment that Mr. Duncombe should ever have given me a thought, I went forward to the sitting-room.

The morning sun was shining in, and the Squire's spurs sent strange gleams over the faded carpet as he came forward to meet me. Passion and protestations would have been unbecoming his years and contrary to the traditions of his youth, when courting had been carried on in a more reserved and stately fashion than at present. He came to me, and, as I made no resistance, took hold of my hand.

"My dear," he said, "what answer are you going to give me to-day?"

Then, though he spoke quite calmly, and even politely, something in his voice made me aware that he was in earnest, and that Fairfax Duncombe of The Barton really wanted something that only I, insignificant as I was, could give him.

This discovery took me by surprise—I had thought so little about him personally, even while making up my mind to be his wife—and I looked up.

"Can you bring yourself to take me—an old man—for your husband?"

But, while he thus stated himself to be an old man, it was rather as an accusation made by others than acknowledged by himself, and as he spoke there was an involuntary drawing up of his tall figure and throwing back of his broad shoulders that seemed to protest against the charge. I could well believe all that my mother had often told me. He had been considered one of the handsomest men in London twenty years ago; but the lapse of the twenty years was nevertheless apparent to the keen eyes of eighteen; and I thought of Jack's lithe supple figure, and could not persuade myself that Mr. Duncombe, in spite of his splendid figure and eagle eyes, had any claims to youth.

It did not matter—perhaps indeed it would have been harder to marry a younger man—and my answer had been already determined for me by circumstances even more inexorable than the Squire's sixty years.

My hand lay in his like a lump of clay, but I did not suffer myself to hesitate.

"Yes," I said. I could not have spoken a word more. Then again I had to be thankful to the precise fashions which had prevailed when Mr. Duncombe was young. I had shuddered with the fear that my monosyllabic reply would be followed by an embrace—I know how Jack's arms would have folded me round, and with what difficulty I should have torn myself from his passionate caresses. But the Squire only raised my hand to his lips and kissed it—fervently, it is true—and it was comparatively easy to submit to that. Then he led me to the horse-hair sofa—I could not help wondering whether he had ever sat on anything so hard in his life before—and placed himself beside me.

"I could not tell you if I tried what your answer is to me," he said, with an earnestness which no amount of courtliness could rob of its simplicity. "It seems to wipe out the recollection of some thirty joyless years. I hope, my dearest girl, that you will never have cause to repent your goodness to me."

There was a real tenderness in his voice and manner which touched me, in spite of the old-fashioned sound in my ears of "my dearest girl." The Squire evidently put himself only in the balance, and attached no weight to The Barton and a rent-roll of some thousands a year. And this unworldliness of his gave me for the first time, and that as yet but vaguely, an idea that I was not using him considerately or well. Still of course there was something ridiculous in his supposing that a girl of my age could possibly marry a man of sixty, for love.

This first uneasiness of conscience with regard to him, combining with my own personal distaste to the situation, had no other effect than to make me endeavor to close the scene. I heard my mother, who had slipped up to change her dress as I opened the parlor door, coming down-stairs, and called her in.

She was embarrassed, and the Squire somewhat put out, but the measure disconcerted him for the time. However, before he went he arranged with my mother to bring over the carriage that afternoon, and drive her and me on a visit of inspection to The Barton. When he was gone, my mother threw her arms around me and kissed me.

"I am longing to see my darling in her new grand home!" were her first words to me.

I smiled a sickly smile and went away up-stairs. Half-way up I met my father coming down.

"Hallos, Carry!" he cried, catching me and kissing me too—"this is lover's ardor indeed. I know whose horse has been waiting at the gate. No kisses left for a poor old father, I suppose?"

Indeed I had only a cold kiss for him. It was through his fault, I knew, that I was obliged to sell myself and break Jack's heart, or, possibly worse still, his faith in good women.

The rest of the day was got through somehow, and by four o'clock mother and I, in our best bonnets, were sitting in the Squire's waggonette on our way to The Barton. My mother, unused to ride behind anything but a tired cab horse, was a good deal frightened at the way in which the pair of fiery horses tossed their crests and rattled along the road. Still she appreciated the dignity of the occasion; and when we happened to pass some acquaintances I could see that she was quietly elate. As for me, I was ashamed and unhappy—I wished myself anywhere else.

I think that drive, and the walk through the grand rooms of The Barton on the Squire's arm, constituted the proudest moments my mother had known for years. She forgot her suspicions about Jack, and taught herself to believe that I had a career of splendid happiness before me. Meanwhile I was wondering how a place that from a distance had seemed beautiful to me could appear so gloomy and repellent on a nearer investigation.

My mother was not forgetful of what was due to us as a pair of lovers. The Squire led her through the suites of rooms, doing me honor with nice courtesy by honoring her; but, when he proposed that we should explore the terrace gardens, she declared herself tired, and was left to refresh herself with afternoon tea, waited upon by the housekeeper—a much grander lady than either of us.

Mr. Duncombe drawing my hand under his arm, we went out upon the terrace alone.

"What do you think of it all, Carry? Shall you ever be able to make yourself happy here?" he asked, looking down into my face.

"I shall never be fit to live in such a grand house," I said, and was answered by a squeeze of the hand under his arm.

"It suits you as a frame suits a picture," said Mr. Duncombe. "I, too, had some misgivings about bringing your fresh young face into such a gloomy home as this has always appeared to me, but you have some magic about you that has all at once dispelled the gloom. The house seems light and cheerful to me, now that I have seen you in it."

This was very pretty, and evidently very sincere, but the more clearly I perceived the depth of his strange fondness for me, the more disgusted and unhappy I grew.

"It will never suit me," I answered, obstinately. "The only surroundings suitable to me are those I have been accustomed to all my life. That little parlor you were in to-day, with a basketful of making and mending—I mean things to make and mend, and more to mend than make—Kate coughing on that hard sofa, my poor mother opposite, breaking her heart over the tradesmen's books, and now and then Jim bursting in with a torn jacket, to boast how he had been breaking the heads of some of his gutter friends—aren't you afraid, Mr. Duncombe, to take a girl from such a home as that?"

The Squire smiled, and patted my hand as it lay rather reluctantly upon his arm.

"If your home had been different, Carry, I might have been afraid to ask you to marry me, a disappointed man, and an old man—for though I cannot feel myself to be old, yet sixty years are stubborn facts. Besides, Carry, you must remember that I have had the pleasure of knowing your mother a very, very long time; so that, whatever other disadvantages might beset you, I knew that in her you had the advantage of an admirable parent."

He said it so kindly that again I could not help being pleased and touched and conscience-stricken all in one.

"You are very good to me," I exclaimed, almost in spite of myself. "I wish I deserved half as much goodness."

"If my dear girl will only let me make her happy, I am more than repaid," said Mr. Duncombe.

And then we walked along the terrace, and he pointed out to me the several beauties of the view, and called my attention to the dim distant boundary, so distant that I could hardly see it, and visible on one side only, which marked the limit of the estate. But I could not seem brightly attentive, try as I might, and I did try hard, especially as I presently discovered that he was puzzled by my mood, and was endeavoring to find a satisfactory interpretation for it.

"I am afraid I am very stupid," I said, in alarm, as I found his eyes fixed on me. "I am very sorry—everything has been so quick—I hardly realize—"

"My dear," he answered, "I think I know what troubles you. You cannot rejoice in any prosperity that is for yourself only, without knowing how far it may be a benefit to others. Is not that it? When you spoke just now of little Kate's cough and your poor mother's troubles, you reminded yourself of what you find it very difficult to forget. I should have very little hope, Carry, of ever making you happy as my wife, if you were not by that means to be placed in a position to relieve at any rate the cruellest anxieties of those that are dear to you. I see you brighten at that! We must consult together what it will be best to do. Jim must go to school of course, and we will take Kate to Torquay in the winter. I should be more comfortable about you in a warmer place when the cold weather sets in. There, now you have smiled at last!"

It was impossible not to love him for this quick-sighted, generous tenderness. But, as my old distant respect for him ripened into a softer affection, I was only made the more distinctly aware that the feeling I had for him was totally different from what it ought to be; so that, though I did brighten at the prospect he indicated of better times for Kate and Jim, I was oppressed by a growing feeling of guilt, which made the remainder of the visit to The Barton, and our drive home with the Squire, a penance to me.

As soon as Mr. Duncombe had driven away, I escaped up-stairs again, refusing to come down to tea. I had a sick headache, I said. And so I had—a sick head and a sick heart. I sat by the window and looked out, with an inward oppression that made the summer evening seem full of gloom. The air was very still. A thrush was singing in some fields a little way off; the sound made me bow my head and cry bitterly; I thought no one had ever been so unhappy as I before.

It had grown quite dusk, when something rattled against the window—a pebble thrown up by some one from the road. Thinking it might be Jim, I drew back, unwilling to make him a confidant of my tears. Then, another idea occurring to me, I leaned as hastily forward, and saw Jack's well-known figure underneath the trees.

In a minute I had thrown a shawl over my head, and was running down-stairs. As I was unfastening the door, my mother came out of the parlor.

"Carry!"

"I am going to speak to Jack, mother," I said, quietly. "He is in the road waiting for me; keep the children out of the way."

She looked at me in dismay.

"My child, what are you thinking of doing? What would Mr. Duncombe—"

"Mother," I answered, "I can't help Mr. Duncombe. You know how it has been with me and Jack, and that I am treating him shamefully, in order to make a marriage that will be beneficial to my family. I must and will see him once more. You need not be afraid; I am not going back from my resolution. I am going to marry the Squire; but I must say good-bye to Jack first."

Then I opened the door and went down to the gate.

CHAPTER III.

"Jack!"

He was waiting for me there under the trees.

"Is that you, Carry?" he asked, and I knew by his voice that he had already been told what had happened.

"Yes," I said, and, at once shaken and humbled by what was at the same time treason and sacrifice, I held out my hand through the bars of the gate. He would not take it at first—I saw the hesitation—but afterward seized it with a sort of hungry passion.

"Come out!" he said, almost fiercely. "You are not Mrs. Duncombe yet, and needn't speak through the railings as if I were a wild beast. You may be sure I shall know how to keep my distance when you are. Come outside."

His manner made me obey him; I went out, and he caught hold of my hand again.

"Oh, Carry," he cried, with a sudden change of voice, "how can you do it? You belong to me; we were promised to one another without words; how can you go and sell yourself away?"

I wept, but I made no attempt to answer him. I saw that his mood must exhaust itself a little before he would listen to anything that I could say. And then I felt so weak that I half feared to open my lips lest, before I knew what I was saying, I should promise to throw over the Squire and marry him immediately.

He waited to see whether I would speak, and finding me still silent, threw my hand from him with no gentle force.

"For Heaven's sake," he said roughly, "don't cheat yourself with the idea that, because I never said to you in so many words, 'Will you wait for me?' and you never an-

swered in so many words, 'Yes, I will,' your falsehood if you forsake me, will be one whit the less. You know that only last night, here in this very place we discussed the future as something that must be identical to both. Only last night, Carry! Doesn't the very time reproach you? When Jim told me of this confounded old lover of yours I almost boxed his ears, only I didn't believe him. Then I met your father, and he asked me to congratulate him. Congratulate! I'd rather have knocked him down!"

My poor lad—my poor dear Jack! The more furious he was with me the better I loved him; but, when I had resolved to marry the Squire, I had counted the cost, and foreseen that Jack's reproaches would be among the worst of the personal suffrings that I must undergo for the sake of others. So, his passion giving me time to collect myself, I was not to be moved from my purpose by an outburst for which I was prepared, and which it seemed to be my duty to steel myself against.

"Listen to me, Jack," I said, as he paused at last, choked with his own vehemence. "We have known each other a long time, and you say you love me. Can't you imagine any good reason, any excuse even, for my marrying Mr. Duncombe?"

"Oh, a hundred," he answered bitterly. "Why, of course all your acquaintances will absolve you with one voice. 'Throw over Jack Hall! Why, in the first place, she never was, strictly speaking, engaged to him, and, in the second, he had nothing whatever to marry on—was hardly in society even. Sensible girl to shut the door in his face, and marry the head of the first family in the county, though he has a queer temper, and is old enough to be her grandfather!' Excuses! why, it doesn't want one excuse!"

"And if you add—' Her sister was dying for want of luxuries that to her were necessaries of life, her brother was growing up in the gutter, her father was getting deeper and deeper into debt, and her mother was breaking her heart; the man she loved was as poor as herself; no—though, if Heaven had pleased she would rather have died—she married a rich man for the sake of her family'—would that want an excuse—oh, Jack?"

He was silent for a minute, and then answered stubbornly—

"Nothing can ever excuse it to me."

I was hardly prepared for this obstinate indignation, and sighed in my despair of making him take a fair view of that which I was going to do.

"Take heart, Carry," he said then, more bitterly than ever. "If it costs you a pang now, it will be soon forgotten; you'll be a rich man's wife, and the making of your own family. You'll only have disappointed a poor fellow of his expectations—taught him to be more careful how he trusts a woman again—made him a wiser man, in fact. You need hardly sigh for that."

"There, are we to part in anger, Jack?"

"Part?" The sarcastic tone was lost in the accents of a more vehement passion. "I don't know yet that I shall let you go."

I was a little afraid of him, but, not wishing further to increase a mood which was evidently rough enough already, forebore to cast even a glance toward the gate.

"I'll stay as long as you like," I said, gently; "but you may as well let me go as rail at me—I've enough to bear without that."

"Yes, you've had enough to bear all along, and you used to tell me your troubles when we met, as if it was a comfort to you to talk them over; and I would go away, and lie awake half the night wondering how I could help you—how I could scrape enough together to give you some sort of a home as my wife. But now you are going to become another man's wife. You are to be a stranger—worse than a stranger—to me, henceforth. How can you do it, Carry? How can you do it?"

"I can't let Kate die and Jim grow up in the streets," I said, hoarsely, for these piteous appeals shook me much more than his passion. "Dear Jack, listen to me. To-morrow I must try to forget what we have been to each other, but I am saying good-bye to you forever, and I will tell you the truth. I love you quite as well as you love me—oh, completely, with my whole heart! I would rather, for myself, much rather, die than marry anybody else. But I dare not think of myself. You don't know what home is becoming; I must put a stop to this state of things somehow, and there is but one way. Only believe that I am not mercenary for myself—that I am suffering as much as you. You must believe me, or I shall break my heart."

I suppose he saw how desperately earnest I was, and moreover, protest as he might, he had known me too long and too well to believe in the bottom of his heart that I would really sell myself for gold.

"Confound Squire Duncombe!" he growled between his teeth. "What right has one man to be so much richer than another? I believe those Socialist fellows are not so far from being right after all."

This was not reason, but it was better than reproaches, and I could bear it better.

"Jack, I must go in," I said presently.

"Go, then."

But, before I could move a step, weighted as I was by my heavy and unwilling heart, he had caught hold of me, taking me to his breast in a desperate embrace. I did not resist him—I could not. Though I was to be Mr. Duncombe's wife, I lifted my face and kissed him, and it did not seem to be wrong—my marriage with the Squire seemed to me like some future sin that I was to commit.

It was Jack who said at last—

"This is more than a man can bear. Go, Carry, while I have some command of myself left."

But when he had shut the gate after me he cried "Carry, Carry!—come back!" And I turned back and caught hold of his two hands through the bars, and, standing on tiptoe, kissed him again over the gate.

At that moment I heard footsteps coming up the road, and, wrenching myself free, fled into the house.

I had a terrible night; I do not think I slept for a single minute; all the long hours were spent in tears, swallowed down by agonizing efforts lest Kate should find out that I was crying. I was heart-broken for myself and Jack, and sorry and conscience-stricken for the poor old Squire, whom I knew I was cruelly deceiving. It seemed to me that, do what I would, I must do wrong to some one.

It was not till nearly morning that the thought occurred with sudden distinctness, almost as if it had been spoken to me, "Tell the Squire the true state of the case, and then, if he is still willing to marry you, though you must personally suffer, you will not, at least, be doing wrong." Having come to it in decision, I felt easier; not, I really believe, because of the chance of escape it afforded me, but because it would at any rate relieve me from the feeling that I was playing a deceitful part.

* * * * *

This second wakeful night had told upon my appearance, and when my father came down to his late breakfast my want of color, haggard appearance, and, as I conjectured from his manner, want of prettiness altogether, seemed to make him quite uneasy.

"Send the girl to bed, mother," he urged, fretfully; "she looks like a mealy potato. Make her go and lie down for an hour, or she won't be fit to be seen when Duncombe comes over."

As I preferred solitude in my then state of mind, I so far complied with this mandate as to go to my own room; but I was too restless to lie down, or to let Kate bathe my head. I locked my door against intruders, and sitting down in the window, waited for the Squire.

CHAPTER IV., AND LAST.

Mr. Duncombe did not come till the afternoon. I saw him coming, walking this time, and rather slowly, his head a little bent and his hands behind him. My father had gone out some time before; so, knowing that my mother would be scrupulous in keeping out of the way, I ran down and opened the door to the Squire myself.

I was so engrossed with my own thoughts and my own resolve, that I did not notice his manner or anything peculiar—if there was anything—in his greeting. I had determined to tell him the truth without delay—to say that, though I had promised to be his wife, and indeed meant to be his wife, if, when he had heard my story, he should be still disposed to have me, yet my heart had been long ago given away to another man. But the topic seemed so difficult to introduce, the confession so difficult to make, that, before I had gathered courage enough for the attempt, I found myself sitting silent on the sofa, the Squire in a chair opposite equally silent, during a pause of some length.

I was just beginning to wonder why he at least should have nothing to say, when he asked with extreme abruptness—

"I have a question to ask which, as you have promised to be my wife, you can answer without blushing. Do you love me, Carry?"

His whole tone, his whole manner, I then became aware, had undergone a change since yesterday; and though the question led directly up to that which I wished to say, the alteration, which was not a reassuring one, made it more difficult to reply.

"It is a question that I should have put before I asked you to become my wife," continued Mr. Duncombe, finding that I did not speak; "but I made the rather serious mistake of thinking that the one implied the other. I am wiser now."

"Mr. Duncombe," I said then, though not without an effort, so formidable were the curves of the black eyebrows, "you are good and generous and kind, and those are qualities any one must love."

When I had said it, I felt how much I had left unsaid—which as his promised wife I should have been able to say—and trembled. I do not believe that I even thought of Jack. I only remembered that the Squire had been good and generous and kind, and that, though not influenced by personal motives, my conduct toward him might appear deserving of very different epithets. There was an embarrassing pause, during which I had not the courage to look up.

"I have qualities that every one must love," said Mr. Duncombe, at last. "I am to assume then that you love me, and that you hate the man I saw you kiss last night? You may well start. It was a strange position I found you in—an unexpected sight for me to see."

Start I did indeed, and as he spoke I remembered the footsteps—scarcely thought of since—which had made me run into the house. But, having no other resource left, I took to myself the courage of despair.

"Mr. Duncombe," I said, "I am sorry that you happened to see what you did, not because I wish you to be deceived, but because I value your good opinion; and it is very probable you may think now that, if you had not in this manner compelled me, I should not have told you the truth. But I was going to tell you—I have been trying to say it all the time we have been sitting here."

"Were you going to tell me that, though you have promised to become my wife, and though you are good enough to say that I possess lovable qualities, the love of your heart is given to another man?"

Of course it seemed a monstrous admission, but I made it.

"Yes," I said.

"And supposing that, in spite of that confession, I still hold you to your promise?"

My heart sank at the prospect of renewed captivity, but I was staunch to my determination.

"I am ready to fulfil it."

There was silence again, and, though I kept my eyes on the ground, I felt that the Squire was attentively observing me.

"And what," he said gravely, at length, "could impel you to such a sacrifice? If you have fallen into the mistake of supposing that easy circumstances are of themselves sufficient to insure happiness—trust the experience of a life-time—you are altogether wrong."

"For the matter of that," I answered, more at ease now that he had dropped that terribly sarcastic tone, "you see only one side of the question. You know that riches don't ensure one against sorrow—you don't know what sorrows poverty begets. Still, it wasn't for the sake of being rich—not, at least, for the pleasure of riches to myself."

"Was it for the sake of your relatives that you proposed to sacrifice three people—yourself, and this Mr. Hall, and me?"

"Yes," I said. There was another pause, and I heard the Squire sighing to himself.

"After all, Carry, it is I, I suppose, that should blush," he said, "for having been foolish enough to suppose that you could care about me for my own sake. I should have remembered that summer and winter can never blend. I suppose I am old: for the first time to-day I felt the weight of my sixty years. The walk from The Barton over here seemed a tax upon my strength. I never felt it so before; but there must be a beginning to everything, and I said to myself as I walked, 'After all, I have been a fool, and was doing a wicked and cruel thing in thinking of tying a child to my old age.' But I wish you could have trusted me, Carry. You would have spared yourself some hours of suffering, and me a delusion which it is hard to confront."

The bitterness was all gone; there was not even reproach in his voice; but I only felt the more keenly that I had used him ill. Of course I immediately understood that he no longer intended to make me his wife; but, though I had determined upon the marriage as the one hope left to my family, so inveterate is the selfishness of human nature that my strongest sensation was one of exquisite relief. Nevertheless I felt that my conduct must need excuse in his eyes, and endeavored to offer some.

"Mr. Duncombe," I said, "I feel that I have behaved very badly to you, but indeed I did not see the injustice that I was doing you at first. I did not think it could be wrong to do what cost me so much—and things have been so desperate that it seemed my duty. Indeed I only meant to do right."

"That I believe," answered the Squire. "At least I mean to keep my trust in you though I lose everything else. Come, I see, though rather late, what my part in the play must be, and accept it with the best grace I may. After all, I am only an old man, and must stand aside to let the young folk be happy. I had a talk with your Mr. Hall last night, and I think he will have some good news to tell you when he comes—which he will presently. I made him promise not to present himself until four o'clock—I said I should not resign my right to you till then; but it is verging upon that hour now. I will take my leave and make way for him. And do not give yourself any uneasiness, Carry, for the consequences to others of this change of plans. You will always find me a true friend to you and all in whom you are interested."

He held out his hand to me as he stood up to go. His generosity and noble feeling touched my inmost heart, and I raised the bountiful hand to my lips and kissed it.

"My dear lady!" he cried with the old courtly accent, and, stooping, swept my fingers with his grizzled mustache. But, in spite of the ceremonious composure of his manner, I saw in his face the look of a man disappointed of his last hope in life.

* * * * *

I believe I was crying bitterly when Jack came in to dry my tears with the announcement that, Mr. Jeffries, the agent for The Barton estates, being dead, Mr. Duncombe had given him the agency—that he was to have Barton Lodge and five hundred a year, and that we could be married at once. I remembered then having heard of Mr. Jeffries' illness in the beginning of the week, but recent occurrences had driven everything else out of my head; besides, the agency had never been matter of speculation to us any more than a kingdom would have been.

"If ever there was a brick, it's the Squire!" cried Jack enthusiastically. "I never knew such a noble fellow. I declare I'm by no means so sure now, Carry, that you don't love him better than me."

"I've no doubt he's a better man," said I, "but somehow I'm foolish enough to love you more."

* * * * *

It is long ago now since all this happened that I have been writing about. Squire Duncombe—truest, noblest heart that ever beat—has been dead some years, and a Fairfax reigns in his stead. The present Squire has a large family, and The Barton is less magnificent and much more cheerful than of old. The young Fairfaxes are forever coming over to the Lodge, and seem as much at home in my drawing-room as in the great house. Here comes one of them up the garden, with a tall, slim girl beside him; and I say to mother, sitting knitting in the window whilst I write (she has lived with us ever since my father's death, which occurred soon after our marriage, and since when we have had time to remember his good qualities and think kindly of his faults)—

"George Fairfax is very fond of being with our Kate."

"He's a sweet fellow," says my mother, in a tone of approval that I very well understand.

"May I have a cup of your tea, Mrs. Hall?" says George, as he and my sister both come in at the long French window, open to the sunset and the shelving lawn; and Kate comes behind me to whisper, with a kiss—

"Carry, I am so happy!"

THE BOY ORGANIST.

Mozart's first experience of a large organ was in the monastery of a little town on the banks of the Danube. He was then only six years old, and in company with his father had left his home in Salzburg and started upon a long course of travel. All day long they had been sailing down that majestic river, past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hidden away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow; and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy's heart like some dim and vast cathedral. The company of monks with whom they had been travelling that day were at supper in the refectory of the cloister, when Father Mozart took Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. And now as the boy gazed with something of awe upon the great instrument, looming up in the shadows of the great, empty church, his face lit up with serene satisfaction, and every motion and attitude of the little figure expressed a wondering reverence. What tones must even now be slumbering in those mighty pipes? Tones, which, if once awakened, could give utterance to all that voiceless beauty which the day's scenes had showed him—life and death, present and past; the peaceful river and the deserted ruin; the sunshine unfailing and the unfailing shadow at its side. "Father," said the boy, "explain to me those pedals at the organ's feet, and let me play."

Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when Father Mozart had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals, and trod them as though he had never needed to have their management explained. How the deep tones woke the sombre stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great, uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard the tones and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was amongst them; but never had he played with such power and freedom. They listened; some grew pale; others crossed themselves; till the prior rose up, commoned all his courage, and hastened into the chapel. The others followed, but when they looked up into the organ loft, lo! there was no form of any organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. "It is the devil himself," cried the first one of the monks, drawing closer to one of his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder into the darkness of the aisle. "It is a miracle!" said another. But when the oldest of their number mounted the stairs to the organ front, he stood petrified with amazement. There stood the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed like stars, and his whole face lighted with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind harp, and all was still.

WATCHING THE BABY.

It used to be a pleasant recreation. But that was before mounted cradles and baby-jumpers and nursery-maids were brought into general use. The playthings were cheap, if not home-made, and were exceedingly primitive in their construction. A cigar-box, mounted on spools and drawn with a string, served as a carriage, and the doll drawn in it was made of rags and dressed in calico. There was a jumping jack of card board, which furnished endless entertainment, and clam shells that made the nicest tea cups, and a top, and a whistle that grandpa made out of a poplar stick, and a score of blocks picked up in a carpenter shop. Baby watched the building with eager interest, crowed when it was finished, and knocked it down with his foot in infinite glee. The peck measure was a seat for him to sit on, or a little world for him to put in disorder and upset, when the whim struck him, or a car for him to get in. The broom handle was an unfailing horse that always came to time. Grandma's ball of yarn was always in order, and when other sources failed there was the cat's tail, the pulling of which invariably produced music if it did not precipitate a catastrophe. Sometimes a drawer got open and baby reveled in its contents, and sometimes the button bag was a mine of treasures. There was endless fun in getting the little, toddling, tumbling fellow up on his feet for a trot, and a tin pan with an iron spoon and a handful of beans was a sort of paradise and furnished delight for a millennium. Baby grew up and made fun enough for the whole household to pay for his care ten times over.

That way of tending the baby is now obsolete. The hall floor has been carpeted. The primitive playthings have been burned to make room for a bushel or two of toys. A hired servant, who cares only for her pay and carries a dime novel in her pocket to read by stealth, watches the little fellow in an indifferent way, pushes the toys up to him now and then, stuffs him when he cries, and when he cries from the stuffing doses him from the bottle she carries in her pocket. She cannot play herself. All the play has gone out of her. She does not quite see what babies are born for. She looks on them all as trials of patience, and as sure to bring out the bad temper in one as a mustard poultice to raise a blister. The "dear little fellow" is the one plague of her life, and the only comfort she has is when she has administered paregoric enough to make him sleep beyond the danger of waking, while she chaffs with the grocer's boy, or carries on an incipient flirtation with a young sprig of a gardener. Baby grows sickly and irritable and peevish. He is exacting of attention and unable to amuse himself. His manners are too demonstrative for the dining-room and his temper too bad for the parlor. He has bad nights. The old people look serious and say, "He won't be raised," and even mamma thinks something is really the matter with her cherub, and wonders whether soothing syrup or the doctor will best meet his case.

At any rate something must be done right away, and as she has got a new suit of clothes for the little fellow, showing his sweet little white knees, she must trot it out so the neighbors can see what beautiful eyes and hair he has, and how the blue jacket with silk trimmings becomes his complexion. And baby endures it all, runs the gauntlet, escapes from his enemies, and finally survives even his school teachers, with the endless cramming, and appears with faultless swallow-tail and irreproachable kids on his way somewhere. Some babies are terribly tough. You can no more kill them than you can give dyspepsia to an india-rubber doll. But for every gutta-percha baby that is proof against nurses and doses and parental folly, there are a dozen real flesh and blood creatures who cannot stand such treatment and fall by the way. They make beautiful funerals; but if there were an honest inquest held in nine cases out of ten the verdict would be, "Died of bad tending." Then this sort of care never trains children to amuse themselves. They have a surfeit of toys, but are not taught to get amusement out of them. The modern baby with a houseful of playthings has very little of the real rollicking pleasure and fun that the boys and girls used to get out of single toys a quarter of a century ago. The trouble is not in the toys but in the tending. Then it was real; now it is make believe. Then it enticed by sympathy; now it repels by want of it. Then it trained to self care; now it develops dependence and creates a desire to be amused and cared for by others. Then it unsealed a fountain of joy in the heart; now it chokes the inward spring and breaks down vitality, if not constitution. Babies are very good things in a house where they are wanted and rightly cared for.

Presently.

Never say you will do presently what your reason or your conscience tells you should be done now. No man ever shaped his own destiny or the destinies of others wisely and well who dealt much in presentlies. Look at Nature. She never postpones. When the time arrives for the buds to open, they open—for the leaves to fall, they fall. Look upward. The shining worlds never put off their risings or their settings. The comets even, erratic as they are, keep their appointments; and eclipses are always punctual to the minute. There are no delays in any of the movements of the universe which have been predetermined by the absolute fiat of the Creator. Procrastination among the stars might involve the destruction of innumerable systems; procrastinations in the operation of nature on this earth might result in famine, pestilence, and the blotting out of the human race. Man, however, being a free agent, can postpone the performance of his duty; and he does so too frequently to his own destruction. The drafts drawn by Indolence upon the Future are pretty apt to be dishonored. Make Now your banker. Do not say you will economize presently, for presently you may be bankrupt; nor that you will repent and make atonement presently, for presently you may be judged. Bear in mind the important fact, taught alike by the history of nations, rulers and private individuals, that in at least three cases out of five, presently is too late.

How to Keep a Situation.

Be ready to throw in an odd half hour or an hour's time when it will be an accommodation, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily. Though not a word be said, your employer will make a note of it. Make yourself indispensable to him, and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you.

Those young men who watch the clock to see the very second their working hour is up—who leave, no matter what state of work they may be in, at precisely the instant—who calculate the extra amount they can slight their work and yet not get reproved—who are lavish of their employer's goods—will always be the first to receive notice, when times are dull, that their services are no longer required.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC for May is a rich number. The chief attraction to many readers will be Lowell's "Agassiz." The poet

"Would but measuring the shining half
Of his large nature that was turned to me."

A few master-touches of character paint him to the life.

"His magic was not far to seek,—
He was as human; whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sat an equal guest at every board:
No bowsr ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend."

"Ample and ruddy, the room's cult he fills
As we our fireside were, our light and heat,
Centre where minds diverse and various skills
Find their warm nook and stretch unhampered feet."

"And poor profuse
Much worldly wisdom kept for others' use,
Not for his own: for he was rash and free,
His purse or knowledge all men's like the sea."

"His mind was its own ample sphere,
And like those hollow things we set about through the year
Carry one temperature, his entire large
Made its own climate, nor could any charge
Traced by convention stay him from his bent;
He had a habitude of mountain air;
He brought wide outlook where he went,
And could on sunny uplands dwell
Of prospect even far than the pastures fair
High-hung of viny Neufchatel."

"The shape of act is prone: forever stilled
The winning tongue; the forehead's high-piled heap,
A cairn which every science helped to build,
Unveiled will its golden secrets keep;
He knows at last if Life or Death be best."

A NEW PATH IN ELECTRICAL THERAPEUTICS: an account of Professor Elizabeth J. French's Great Discovery of Electrical Cranial Diagnosis, and the scientific application of Nine Different Currents of Electricity to the Cure of Disease; to which are added plain directions for the treatment of disease by Prof. French's system of Electrical Applications. By ELIZABETH J. FRENCH. Published by the author, 1609 Summer street, Philada.

The title of this book is so full and comprehensive that it is only necessary to add a quotation from the author's introductory:

"I am able to prove, both in theory and practice, that electricity scientifically applied is the safest, most reliable, and most universally beneficial of all curative agents ever known to mankind. Also, I affirm unhesitatingly that medical electricity can be understood and applied as a science, far more exact in its laws and workings than any other remedial agent now in practice."

A handsome portrait of the author embellishes the volume.

THE STARLESS CROWN, and other Poetical Selections. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

A volume of choice poems, selected in the spirit of the motto on the title page:

"Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

The intention is evident not merely to entertain the reader, but gently to lead him heavenward. We note Whittier's glowing and reverent "Palestine," and Longfellow's noble "Psalm of Life," and Miss Osgood's spirited "Laborare est Orare," worth all the rest of her writings put together, and a sweet singing multitude of anonymous poets hardly less excellent, and certainly not less breathing the lofty and lowly spirit of Christ. A valuable book for private enjoyment and reference.

RESPONSIBILITY IN MENTAL DISEASE. By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

OUR FRED; OR, SEMINARY LIFE AT THURSTON. By MARTHA FARQUHARSON. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

MISS LESLIE'S NEW RECEIPTS for Cooking. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE GYPSY CHIEF. By GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

Dead, but not Buried.

When a friend dies and is buried, there's an end of him. We miss him for a space out of our daily existence; we mourn for him by degrees that become mercifully less; we cling to the blessed hope that we shall be reunited in some more perfect sphere; but so far as this earth is concerned, there's an end of him. However near and dear he was, the time arrives when he does not form a part of our daily thought; he ceases to be even an abstraction. We go no more with flowers and tears into the quiet cemetery; only the rain and the snowflakes fall there; we leave it for fingers of spring to deck the neglected mound.

But when our friend vanishes unaccountably in the midst of a crowded city, or goes off on a sea-voyage and is never heard of again, his memory has a singular tenacity. He may be to all intents and purposes dead to us, but we have not lost him. The ring of the door-bell at midnight may be his ring; the approaching footstep may be his footstep; the unexpected letter with foreign postmarks may be from his hand. He haunts us as the dead never can.

The woman whose husband died last night may marry again within a score of months. Do you suppose a week passes by when the woman whose husband disappeared mysteriously ten years ago, does not think of him? There are moments when the opening of a door must startle her.

There is no real absence but death.—*T. B Aldrich*

Modern Style of French Justice.

Lucy Hooper, in a recent letter to The Philadelphia Press, gives a doleful picture of the treatment American travellers receive at the hands of the Parisians. What with extortionate charges, insolent officials, and unjust judges, the pleasure of a trip to the gay metropolis is greatly marred. As an instance of this the correspondent relates that on a recent occasion a friend of hers discovered that a servant had robbed her of a quantity of valuable wardrobe. The servant was arrested and committed for trial. When the examination took place, the counsel for defence adopted a novel but successful line of defence. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "the parties that have come here to prosecute my client are Americans. They are wealthy; they could very well afford to supply their poor woman with underclothing. She did not steal the things; she needed them, and she merely took them. Moreover, the lady was culpably careless in leaving her drawers and trunks open to expose my client to temptation. And besides, as I said before, the people are rich Americans, and so I hope you will acquit the prisoner." The jury did acquit the prisoner immediately, whereupon she turned around and sued her employer for false imprisonment, and he was obliged to get a permit from the police to enable him to quit France, he being on the point of returning home with his family.

The Rhode Island Girl.

Rhode Island girls are not wanting in the art of gently insinuating that, like Barbie, "they're willin'." It was only recently that a lady walking one evening, under the classic shades of Brown University, overheard the following conversation between a young lady and gentleman just in front of her:

"Charley, did you ever hear it said that if a person found a four-leaved clover and put it in their shoe, the first gentleman or lady the person walked with would be their husband or wife?"

"No—never heard of it before."

"Well, I found one and put it in my shoe this morning, and you are the first person I have walked with. I wonder if it is true?"

The public is left in cruel suspense as to what further transpired.

Put the System in Fighting Trim.—The great object in cases of indigestion and its accompanying derangements of the liver, bowels and nerves, is to put the stomach in a condition to dissolve, readily and without pain, the food submitted to its action. This is accomplished, and much more than this, by the daily use of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. A dose should be taken before every meal. The good effect will soon be apparent. The loss of flesh, strength and energy which usually occurs in dyspepsia will be arrested. The determination of bile to the skin will cease, and that cathartic fluid will pass into the bowels and assist in keeping them free. Every organ connected with or dependent upon the stomach will be toned and renovated. The kidneys, the sifters of the system, will be beneficially influenced, as well as the liver, the alimentary canal and the pores. In short, the whole organization will be put in the fighting trim necessary to resist and expel disease. If the medicine is taken regularly and persistently, this result will inevitably follow.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

See Deuteronomy Chap. xii, Verse 23. The blood being the source from which our systems are built up and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure. If it contains vile festering poisons all organic functions are weakened thereby. Settling upon important organs, as the lungs, liver or kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behooves every one to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition and more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year than at any other. No matter what the exciting cause may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood. Now Dr. Pierce does not wish to place his Golden Medical Discovery in the catalogue of quack patent nostrums by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does he so recommend it, on the contrary there are hundreds of diseases that he acknowledges it will not cure; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of blood disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other known blood poisons, be they animal, vegetable or mineral. The Golden Discovery is warranted by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Disease, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples and Eruptions, also all Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of Neck, Legs or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, as White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip Joint and Spinal Diseases, all of which belong to Scrofulous Diseases.

CONFIRMED.—HIP JOINT DISEASE CURED.

W. GROVE STATION, Ia., July 14, 1874.

DR. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871 a swelling broke on her hip discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors at an expense of $125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation.

July 16th, 1873, he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it, a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles and still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood purifier and strength restorer.

J. M. ROBINSON.

FOR MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES AND TAN ask your Druggist for PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION—which is harmless and in every case infallible; and also for his improved COMPOUND AND PIMPLE REMEDY, the great Skin Medicine to cure Pimples, Black Heads or Flesh-worms, or consult D. C. PERRY, the noted Skin Doctor, 49 Bond Street, New York. ap18-13t

---

Tapeworm! Tapeworm!

Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. KUNKEL, No. 259 N. Ninth street, Philadelphia. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed. oc25-52t

---

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., my2 tf New York.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1874.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every yearly subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to one of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters."

One copy of THE POST ($3.00) and one of T. S. ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE ($3.00) will be sent for $4.50. Each publication will send one of its Premium pictures, at the choice of the subscriber, the same as if each was separately subscribed for.

☞ Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or engraving. Or 25 cents, if the Chromo is desired mounted on cardboard. We strongly advise having the Chromo mounted—it greatly increases its value.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to the order of the Saturday Post Publishing Company.*

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SPRING FASHIONS.

There is no very marked change in the style of garments this season. Shapes are modified, and trimmings slightly different. Variety is studied, but seems to be attained with difficulty. In cutting overskirts, for instance, the two sides are unlike, for no conceivable reason except novelty; one will be long and the other short, the back or the front breadth omitted;—something irregular the dressmaker is bound to achieve, and to make all singularities combine harmoniously, graceful draping is relied upon. Scant flounces, wide for the under, narrow for the overskirt, are still used, because nothing answers the purpose so well. The new touch is to shirr them at the top—running two or three gathering threads about half an inch apart. The process is to baste down the top of the flounce an inch or so, then take two needlefuls of silk and run them along together, which enables you to draw them both at the same time evenly, leaving a little ruffle at the top. They are sewed on the dress carefully by hand. Two rows are enough for beauty, and tedious enough for conscience. By the time you have gathered some yards of ruffling in the smallest possible stitches, you will conclude that the art of trimming has not improved in simplicity.

The sewing-machine is not so much used as formerly. In silk and woollen material the skirts of dresses are run by hand, as they are more sure to hang properly; and most of the trimming is made in the same way for superior elegance. The hems of flounces are turned up on the right side, and instead of machine-stitching, a little bias fold is inserted at the top, and the whole finished by hand. Of course for chintzes and lawns and all other materials suitable for machine work, it is used as much as ever.

The old-fashioned stuff, debége, is often chosen for travelling dresses, and the excessive plainness of it relieved by folds of a darker shade, either of the same material or of silk. A bias band is stitched on as heading for the wide flounce, another borders the overskirt; the cuffs are composed of the dark shade, and it lines the long English turn-over collar now used to some extent instead of the stand-up ruff, which is warm for summer.

Tulle ruches are pretty as ever, and exceedingly becoming are the scarfs of black lace and spotted or sprigged net edged with Spanish lace, worn about the neck. They are half a yard in width, and extend below the waist, or farther, according to taste and means—to the edge of the overskirt or even below. A simple way is to get a yard of net, cut it in half lengthwise, and border it with Spanish lace. Another "beautifier" is the small white veil dotted with black drawn across the face. Because it is beautifying, it has grown common; whether this is sufficient reason for returning to the regular black lace veil, each will decide for herself.

An elegant garment for summer wear with any colored skirt is the polonaise of black striped silk grenadine, trimmed with yak lace. The new polonaise patterns are more simple, and in summer stuffs unobjectionable, as they cannot well be heavy; the waist only is lined. And a pretty way of making up the beautiful robe lawns is in the belted basque pattern popular last summer, as the ruffling can go round the basque as well as the skirts. This robe material comes in hair lines of white and color, with an exquisite border of natural looking flowers. In black and white lines with a rosy wreath for ruffling, or blue with violets, or brown with delicately shaded ferns and grasses, all are captivating and varied enough to suit all styles and complexions. The elegant transparent robe organdies make up attractively as over-dresses to wear with light silk skirts. There is so much artistic skill employed of late in these beautiful fabrics—trailing vines of rich colors wreathing with natural grace the plain-tinted ground-work—that the effect is thoroughly tasteful.

The simplicity in trimming predicted for this season is only seen in jackets, basques, and over-dresses, for which cords, pipings, bands and buttons, lace and fringe are used. Skirts are puffed and ruffled, flounce upon flounce, more than ever. It is not so bad if the stuff is light, but unless it is light indeed, the result of this mass of trimming must be tragical. And the majority of women submit to be thus weighed down. Their very lives are a burden from the tight and heavy clothing that makes health an impossibility. Sometimes it is the husband's fault. He is so fond of seeing his stately wife trailing rich silks elaborately ornamented, that he "don't believe" there is any harm in it. So the silent martyrdom goes on.

Straw hats and bonnets come in great variety of shape, and not much difference between the two. Leghorn is a kind to be recommended, as it is becoming, is not expensive, and can be pressed over for another season. The turned-up rims look bare in front, and accordingly they are covered with the prettiest of face trimmings—choice wreaths of flowers, and dainty puffings of lace and silk. The flowers are exquisitely natural, seeming to lack nothing but fragrance. Soft silk scarfs passing round the crown, and fastened in a bunch of loops without ends, are used as foundation trimming for hats, and flowers and leaves cluster about them—the decoration rather massed toward the back.

Instead of ribbon sashes, they are made of soft twilled silk like the neckties, with knotted fringe on the ends. It is said to be cheaper to buy them ready-made for six dollars at a Chestnut street store, than to make them.

New York authorities say that trailing skirts for the street are increasingly worn, but we are happy to say that no such untidiness is fashionable in Philadelphia. Dresses are either made short, or held up. Our city does not have the dove-eyed, dove attired Friends, like troops of the shining ones, walking its streets for nothing. The cleanliness which is next to godliness ruling their whole apparel, has a wholesome effect upon the world's people about them. Among its many higher uses their spiritual mindedness has always been observed to exercise a refining, chastening influence upon the fashions prevailing here.

S. P.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A good many things, some of them good, many sharp and occasionally cruel, having been said of mothers-in-law, now comes one of that much-talked of class and tells her side of the story. That she tells it well will be admitted by all who read it.

Left a widow, after a few years of most unhappy married life, I retired, with my two children, to a small town where I intended to subsist upon my very moderate means and to devote myself to the care of their education.

I think the enjoyment we have in our children before they reach the age of ten is very great. All faults and evil tendencies seem so sure to be eradicated with time, we can scarcely believe the pains we are taking will ever have any but the desired result. These early promises are so beautiful. Every childish liking seems a talent, lacking only opportunity to develop into excellence.

My girl and boy went to school in the morning. In the afternoon we walked together and we three all enjoyed those long, rambling walks. Then our tea-table and our evenings, when I read to them—how delightful was our companionship. How I tried every way to sow the good seed. I have said that my means were small, but my wants were few, and I considered it my duty to make them fewer for my children's sake. I took care that they were always well-dressed, often working until late at night upon their clothes—my own were plain enough. They never knew, of course, the sacrifices I made that they might have pleasure.

That my children loved me, respected me, I need not repeat. Their first thought always seemed to be of me. At Christmas they presented me with horrid little daubs, which I still treasure, tied up in packages and dated. Ah! happy days. Days when a paper of sweet cake is sufficient for happiness.

The years came when they grew tall and less dependent on me. James left school, and as my means did not admit of his going to college, I obtained admittance for him into the place of business of a friend. One day I heard an acquaintance say that my son admired a Miss Benson. Then first shot into my heart that acute pang of jealousy which I had heard a woman feels when another woman dares to lay claim to her son—a bitter, unreasonable feeling, but strong and fierce, trample on it as you may. I asked James about it; he laughed at the very idea.

A year later he announced that he was engaged to this very girl, and asked me to go and see her. I went. She was tall and very thin and stylish looking, with reddish hair. She wore a great many flounces and a great deal of jewelry of the pale gold kind. Her manners were very gracious to me, but somehow or other there was something about her that seemed to say she was the one who always had a right to James, while I stood out in the queer and awkward light of one whose claims upon him were very trifling and quite recent.

When I went home I sat in my rocking-chair for about an hour, thinking. I had understood the formation of every kite he had ever flown, fathomed the capacities of every toy cannon with which he had ever just missed committing suicide, overcome the mysteries of marbles of every degree, loved every puppy and kitten he had ever adopted and taken to his heart—why could I not at least try to love this reddish-haired girl? People congratulated. "Oh! yes, I was very much pleased, not losing a son at all—oh, no—only gaining another daughter." "Delightful, certainly, and early marriages are, as you say, so very desirable."

A year afterward they were married and remained some months with her family, during which time I saw her often, and cannot say that I ever had any fault to find with her. Then James sought and obtained a very good position in a town distant about one hundred miles. At first the news was very satisfactory. "Charming little house, the perfection of servants;" then later, "the loveliest little baby," my grandson. Then, some months later, things were not quite so bright. The baby had the croup, my son himself had a touch of the intermittent fever, servants were great plagues, housekeeping a dreadful trouble. Disturbed beyond measure by the reiteration of these lamentations, I decided to go and see for myself how they were circumstanced, and be of what assistance I might for a short time. So one winter morning, leaving Fanny with an intimate friend and entrusting my house and all it contained to the care of one servant, I left home alone. Arriving after dark at my destination, I found the two young servants enjoying a very comfortable meal in the kitchen and the baby asleep alone in a chilly nursery. My son and his wife were out spending the evening with some friends. Their surprise and pleasure at seeing me on their return home appeared great. Upon conversing with Maria the next day, I found her to be very ignorant as regarded baby's requirements. "He does cry so dreadfully," she said. I stayed there a whole month; perhaps it was too long, but there always seemed to be something for me to do. I took charge of the little creature whenever his mother wanted to spend an evening in company, which was not seldom. Many and many a lonely hour did I spend in that dimly lighted room listening to that low breathing, rather than trust him to the awkwardness of the young girl who professed to fulfil the duties of a child's nurse. I did a great deal of sewing for Maria, of whom I became fonder than I had ever expected to be.

James had a relapse of his intermittent fever. His wife knew nothing about sickness; I nursed him—I who had never known fatigue when he had needed anything in former years, would surely not fail him now. I sat up with him night after night, and showed the cook how to prepare nice dishes for him, such as I knew he liked—that is to say, I prepared them while the cook looked on. Whatever was wanted now, up stairs or down, I was the one to plan and to do. At last I began to think I ought to return to Fanny; and seeing James fairly convalescent, I sought the train for my journey homeward. Sitting in the railroad car, a party of young people took places in front of me, laughing and talking with eager animation, principally about persons I knew nothing of, except by name. Presently one of them began to talk about my son's wife.

"I used to see a great deal of them at one time," she said, "but—"

"But what?" asked another.

"Oh! well, they had a mother-in-law raging around lately, so I have kept away."

"So have I."

Here followed a laugh of derision.

"A mother-in-law!" exclaimed another; "that is hard; I do pity them, indeed."

"But I hear she is off now."

"Glad to hear it. Have you heard the new opera?"

I was the mother-in-law on whose account friends kept away. I remembered the weary nights in that sick room; the weary days, when, suffering from the loss of sleep, I struggled to keep my eyes open, that I might attend to the various little household duties. All this was the "raging around" which excited the risible muscles of those lively young people. I thought of Fanny, her good looks, her intelligence, her affectionate nature, and found myself wondering what her future was to be. But here we are. There she was waiting to meet me, dear child; but there was some one with her, a most insignificant looking individual, with very prominent eyes and large whiskers. Why did my heart sink with a melancholy foreboding?

How glad she was to see me again. She introduced her companion to me as Mr. Jenkins; and whereas I was all anxiety to be alone with her, Mr. Jenkins, with a great flourish of politeness, walked all the way home with us. Before I could untie the strings of my bonnet, he told me that Fanny had promised to marry him. I was thunder-struck, having, in annoyance of his presence, forgotten my forebodings of half an hour before. I had read with much attention, in various highly lauded books, of the great and imperative duty of bringing up a girl to be a helpmeet for a noble man—this dapper little mannikin! He seemed amiable, but so utterly insignificant. He had uninteresting parents, and weak, plain sisters, all of whom made a perpetual amusement of the engagement. My parlor was given up to them entirely—that is, to him and his sisters. I seemed always de trop when I entered, judging by the sudden silence which followed the animated talk. My coming was an interruption. I began to sit up-stairs. I always walked alone.

Having avoided all society and all acquaintanceship when my children were young, that I might devote my whole time to them, I found myself now friendless and desolate. Friends, like plants, must be cultivated. I found no congeniality in either of the two families with which my children were connecting themselves.

After two years they were married; and after a year of boarding aspired to the dignity of keeping house. After looking at many dwellings one was selected, one which required a great many repairs, and now my services were in very great request; I attended to all the directions Mr. Jenkins wished given to the workmen; I stayed in the cold empty rooms all day, when there was nothing to sit on but an empty candle-box. I did the necessary quarrelling with the plumbers, and bore the snubbing of the upholsterers; and I put the furniture in the places I thought best, by degrees changing it all to suit his tastes. I washed all the chins and glass; and sometimes fancied, when I got dirty doing all this, that I was happy. I had so long been accustomed to work for those I loved that it was hard to learn that there might be any reproach connected with it. I must do Fanny the justice to say that she was very kind and grateful to me.

On the last day, after having some cold tea out of a pitcher on the corner of a mantelpiece, I overheard Mr. Jenkins, who had brought a friend in to admire his new dwelling, say:

"Well, the carpets are down, the furniture is all here, and I think now when we get our servants, and engage a baker and a milkman, and are entirely rid of the mother-in-law, we shall be ready to move in."

Both children married, I had the solitary little house to myself, and very solitary it was. I tried to get up some spasmodic friendships with my neighbors, but being hollow, these forced intimacies soon fell through. But I ought not to complain; it is the way of the world.

I only wonder if considering the love we have for our children, young or old, the world is not apt to be a little hard upon the mother-in-law.

A Frenchman's Opinion of American Women.

For several years, "the sceptre of beauty," which hitherto has exclusively belonged to Parisian women, strikes us as having passed into the hands of the American ladies. It is not because the latter have more taste, or proneness to expenditure than the women of Paris. It arises simply from the fact that the Anglo-Saxon race, being formed of the fusion of more than ten different races, is to-day richer, more happily endowed, under the triple relation of strength, health and beauty, than ours. The question is not here about the intellectual qualities, and yet I should do right to speak of the tact, taste, and good practical sense of the beautiful Yankees. These charming women, in whose veins skilful micrographers might find globules of English, German, French, Dutch, Italian and Spanish blood; perhaps also, in searching well, some slight corpuscles of the blood of the red-skins; these American women have consequently gradually become better made and more elegant than the French women. It is unpleasant to us, without doubt, but it is a settled matter hereafter that the apple of the shepherd Paris, to express myself classically, belongs to them. If at about five o'clock, in the grand avenue of the Champs Elysées, you meet some beautiful young woman, elegantly and correctly dressed—large, or small, but oftener large—with very black or flaxen hair, with pretty feet, carefully shod, with a high-bred air, a figure replete with grace, beautiful eyes, fine teeth, indeed one of those women who cause all heads to turn round, and whose charm exists, but cannot be analyzed, you may be sure that she was born on the banks of the Delaware or the Ohio. Likewise if at a ball, or at the opera, you see everybody hastening upon the passage of another woman, with shoulders extremely well, though chastely décolleté, whose intelligent look, musical tones, sweet and agreeable manner, attract all eyes, subjugate all hearts, you need make no inquiry, or if you do, you will learn that this woman is an inhabitant of New York or Washington. The daughters of William Penn are almost all sirens, who would charm the sage Ulysses himself, if he should live again in the world, and allowed himself the pleasure of looking at them.

☞ A child two and a half years old was playing with her father's walking-stick, which had a crooked handle. He asked her what she was doing with that cane. "It isn't a cane," she replied. "Well, what is it?" he asked. "It's an umbrella without any clothes on."

OH, MY PYTHIAS!

BY HENRY PETERSON.

Yes, he lies there with a ball in his breast—
See, the red blood has oozed out on his vest;
In his clenched hand the weapon whose power
Smote down his life in its fullness and flower;
Cold his white brow, but calm and serene,
Brow where the kisses of genius have been,
And on his lips there yet lingers a smile,
Half of sorrow, half scorn, yet triumphant the while,
The curl of the wave ere it broke in the strife—
Ah, who shall tell daughters, who shall tell wife,
Oh my Pythias!

Twenty, yes thirty long years have passed by
Since we were school-friends, that man there and I—
Sworn friends at study, at play, and in fight,
Always together from morning till night.
Red were his cheeks then, eyes clear and blue,
A voice like a bell, not a tone but was true,
O'er his white forehead swept waves of brown hair—
Such was he; now, worn-out and crushed, he lies there.
Oh my Pythias!

How once like a king that man there did stand,
No grander a presence in all this proud land,
At the altar he stood, and, a queen at his side,
Stood she who is widow, but then was a bride.
So noble was he, she so bonny and fair,
The two might have seemed the original pair—
For Adam and Eve were less perfect than they
Who plighted their troth in the sunshine that day.
And now he lies weary and wasted and torn,
And she—she will wish she had never been born
Ere the night closes down upon her and her heart,
And they meet once again, but meet only to part.
Ah, little we thought on that bright day of this;
This ocean of woe for that river of bliss—
Oh my Pythias!

"Survival of fittest!" the fittest are born
To die of the hatred of men and their scorn.
The man that lies there never spake a false word,
His heart by mean impulses never was stirred,
He was fair to his foe, and true to his friend,
His spirit might break, but never would bend—
Oh, grand soul and regal! in a world where we see
The vile thrive like weeds, was there no room for thee,
Oh my Pythias?

Thy faults were thy virtues, oh friend, from thy birth;
In the stern race of life they weighed thee to earth.
With a spirit less noble, less free from all stain,
A monarch 'mong men, thou mightst now live and reign;
With a soul whose cold selfishness counted no cost,
Always seeking to win, no matter who lost,
Thou mightst now be wealthy and honored and great—
It was in thee to be of the proudest a mate,
Oh my Pythias!

Alas, for success thou wast too much a man;
Thy nature was made on too generous a plan.
Oh would some kind angel had stripped thee at birth
Of half of thy powers, and unwinged thee for earth,
Pruned away all thy longings for poetry and art,
Deprived thee at least of one-half of thy heart,
Made thee careless of science, with never a thought
Save of things that are sold, and things that are bought,
Thus put all thy finest and best under ban,
And left thee an excellent "business man,"
Then thou mightst have "succeeded," and lived out thy life
In a prosperous home, with thy children and wife,
Had thy friends cluster round thee, and orators prate
What an honor thou wast to thy kindred and state.
But thou wast too gifted, and now liest there,
Like an angel of God given up to despair—
Oh my Pythias!

I tell but the truth, oh men that are wise,
Oh women, whose tears are like pearls in your eyes,
You know it is true, that the noblest may fall,
While the vile and the mean may prosper through all,
The Saviour of men be nailed up to the cross,
The betrayer of women know never a loss,
Then judge not my friend, though he lies there at rest,
All vanquished and torn, with the ball in his breast,
Oh my Pythias!

One thing he was lacking—with that he had been
All perfect in manhood, sublime and serene.
Had that not been wanting, he would not lie there
Like an angel of God in the grasp of Despair.
Oh the PATIENCE OF FAITH!—had that only been his,
Could he only have met want and woe with a kiss,
Could he only have trusted, 'mid darkness and blight,
That whatever was wrong, the Creator was right,
Had he yielded in patience his back to the weight,
And borne with calm forehead the buffets of Fate,
Treading out the ash path that so many have trod,
And true to the last to himself and his God,
It is certain that, either hereafter or here,
The sun would burst forth, and the clouds disappear;
To doubt this were treason to wisdom divine—
Oh, Patience had saved thee this one sin of thine,
Oh my Pythias!

But, worrilding, uplift not with pride thy stern brow,
This man, with his sin, is far nobler than thou.
Thou ne'er couldst fall thus, for thou never couldst feel
The sorrow that pierced to his soul's sharp steel.
All uncrowned as he is, he will enter the sky
Before thousands who prosper, and peacefully die—
Stand aside, and profane not his sacred cold form,
This man was a Man, though he sank 'neath the storm,
Though, when tempted, he fell, and went down in the strife;—
Ah, who shall tell daughters, who shall tell wife,
Oh my Pythias!

A BOY'S STORY.

About thirty years ago, said Judge P., I stepped into a bookstore, in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much." He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I have got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a very poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed him, and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully, and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much he had.

"You want the book very much?" said the proprietor.

"Yes, very much."

"Why do you want it so very, very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school; but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Does he go to those places now?" asked the proprietor.

"He is dead," said the boy, softly. Then he added, after a while, "I'm going to be a sailor too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir, if I live."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do. I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay me the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then, and I shall have eleven cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

"A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark," said the bookseller.

"Thank you, sir, you are so very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverley, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked him.

"More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

"Can I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, anything."

"Then I will buy a book for mother," said he. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of our voyage; then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known no small boat could ride such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up; he saw how matters stood, and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see those men bow before the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me and then at the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said, rebukingly:

"Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water; when I see none of it, then I shall abandon the vessel, and not before, nor one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair, but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again.

"I will land you safely at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

And he did land us safely; but the vessel sunk moored to the dock. The captain stood on the dock of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and the blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gangplank. I was the last to leave. As I passed he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P., do you recognize me?"

I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

"Do you remember the boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverley."

"I am he," said he. "God bless you!"

"And God bless noble Captain Haverley!"—*Springfield Republican.*

Mother of Cromwell.

One of the most remarkable women of her own or of any age, was the mother of Oliver Cromwell.

Setting aside the theory that sons more frequently inherit the mental constitutions of their mothers than their fathers, certainly the characteristics of Cromwell's nature could not have been otherwise than intensified under the tutelage of such a woman as his mother was. With a glorious faculty for self-help when other assistance failed; ready for the demands of fortune in her extremest adverse times; energy equal to her patience and amiability—where in English history is there such a woman's equal?

With the labor of her hands she gave dowers to five daughters, sufficient to marry them into families only as honorable, but far more wealthy than her own; and when called upon to occupy a palace instead of the simple cottage attached to the brewery at Huntington, she evinced only the dignity that was natural to her everywhere, and seemed to care only for the safety of her beloved son in his dangerous eminence.

So far from her tastes were the gilded nothings that surround position in the world, that she implored when dying, to be laid away in a quiet country churchyard, afraid only that, surrounded with state and ceremony, the Lord Protector of England would have her placed in a royal tomb.

The portrait of this extraordinary woman has been a surprise to every one familiar with her history. Large, melancholy eyes; a mouth sweet, but as firm as the mouth of her son; light, pretty hair, and an expression tranquil and tender—these scarcely typify the woman that Cromwell's mother was, but afford one more point of discussion for psychologists, who claim that the body is a symbol of the soul.

God in Nature.

"I would not," says Mr. Beecher, "for all the comfort which I might get from the books of the Alexandrian Library, give up the comfort which I get out of Nature. * * * There is nothing that grows—no weed, no grass, no flower, no fruit—that is not in some way related to God in my thoughts; and I am never so near Him as when I am in the presence of his works—as when, night or day, I am in that solemn cathedral, the world of Nature, and behold its ever-changing beauty. There are no such frescoes in art as God's hand paints in the heavens. There are no such relations with God as come to us through Nature. In the budding, blossoming days of spring, in the balmy days of summer, in the fruitful days of autumn, in the days of winter, in every day of the year, there is something that is a separate leaf to me in God's outside Bible, now that I have learned to read it."

☞ CURIOUS FACTS.—The editor of the Northern Border, visiting the saw manufactory of Mr. Schwartz, at Bangor, learns the curious facts that a soft stone is required to grind a hard saw, and a hard stone a soft saw, and that a piece of cork burnt a few moments in the fire becomes as hard and tough as a piece of sole-leather.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE SHIRT THAT OPENED BEHIND.

A man in Greenfield, whom we will call William, got up the other morning and proceeded to put on a shirt which his wife had just made for him, after a new pattern. As she stood at the mirror curling her hair, she heard a suppressed sound, half-way between a groan and an oath, and turning round, said, laughing, "Why, my dear!"

"Hush up!" he ejaculated. "Never let a woman attempt to fit a shirt; she can't do it; it is one of the impossibilities."

"But, William—" deprecatingly.

"Don't you talk—let me talk. Do you think I am going down town in this rig? A pretty disposition you've got; just because I happened to find a little fault last week with your ironing, you must go and make me a shirt without a bosom! Such conduct, madam, is unpardonable. No, I won't hear a word. When a starched shirt front is the only finery that a man indulges in, is he not excusable for being particular in regard to that, I should like to know? And this thing sets like the devil. Look how baggy it is here in front, and it feels behind as if there was a board bound across me"—walking up and looking in the glass, hitching up first one shoulder and then the other, after the indescribable manner of a man trying a new garment. His wife dared not speak, but bringing a good-sized mirror from the next room, she held it up behind him for a moment; and perceiving by his chopfallen expression that he saw the point and the front, she ran down-stairs to settle the coffee, and see that Bridget had set the table geometrically. As William walked down to his office that morning he said to the first friend that he met, "I tell you, Tom, that little wife of mine is a born genius. Look at this shirt, now; she cut and made it all herself. Do you see, it's open behind; no confounded button-holes to bother a fellow. Just send your wife up for the pattern." And it was by the way of Tom's wife that Lizzie first knew that William was pleased with his shirts.

AT WORK BY THE DAY.

Snooks had occasion to call on the Reverend Dominie Thomas Campbell while he was at Glasgow. "Is the dominie in?" he inquired of a portly dame who opened the door. "He's at hame, but he's nae in," replied the lady. "He's in the yaird, sooperintendin' Sanners, the carpenter. Ye can see him the noo if your business is vera precise." Snooks assented, and walked through the door pointed out to him into the yard, where he beheld a carpenter briskly planing away to the tune of "Maggie Lauder," and the worthy dominie standing by. Unwilling to intrude on their conversation, Snooks stepped unseen behind a water-cask, and heard, "Sanners!" No answer from the carpenter. "Sanners, I say! Can ye no hear me?" "Yes, minister, I hear ye. What's your will?" "Can ye no whistle some mair solemn and godly tune while ye're at your work?". "Aweel, minister, if it be your will, I'll e'en do it." Upon which he changed the air to the "Dead March" in Saul, greatly to the hindrance of what was now painful planing. The dominie looked on for some minutes in silence, and then said, "Sanners, I hae anither word to say till ye. Did the gude wife hire ye by the day or by the job?" "The day was our agreeing, master." "Then, on the whole, Sanners, I think you may just as weel gae back to whistling bonnie 'Maggie Lauder.'"

A PERSEVERING EDITOR.

An editor was once out on a jaunt in the township of White Oak, Ingham county, sticking to every farmer until he got his name and money, and it so happened that he came to a house where death had called a few hours before. The farmer's wife was laid out, and the husbandman and his children were grieving over their loss when the editor knocked at the door.

"What's up?" inquired the editor, as he saw the farmer's solemn countenance before him.

"My wife is dead," replied the farmer.

"Is that so?" mused the editor, a little disappointed. "Did she die easy?"

"Dropped off like a lamb."

"Did she say anything?"

"Not a word—just went right to sleep like."

"I didn't know," continued the editor, a sad look on his face, "but what she might have requested you to subscribe for the Cascade, which you know is the best paper in the country. If you want it, I'll take your name right in, and under the circumstances I won't charge a cent for the obituary notice!"

The farmer hung off for awhile, but before the editor went away he had two additional dollars in his pocket, and had written out an obituary notice for publication in the next issue, which the bereaved husband pronounced "a mighty smart piece."

WHY BARNEY WAS RETAINED.

A firm dealing largely in coal in one of our cities—not Philadelphia of course—had in their service an Irishman named Barney. One day the head of the firm, irritated beyond endurance at one of Barney's blunders, told him to go to the office and get his pay, and added, "You are so thick-headed I can't teach you anything."

"Begorra," says Barney, "I larnt wan thing since I've been wid ye!"

"What's that?" asked his employer.

"That sivinteen hundred made a ton."

Barney was retained, or to use the phraseology of a Southern gentleman, who had just won the heart and hand of one of New York's most opulent widows, "he resumed the primeval condition of his former rectitude."

RAD PEPPER.

The irrepressible joker at the Banks Club, the other day, while touching up his oysters with pepper from a castor, observed to a waiter that "the pepper was half peas." "Oh, no," said the polite waiter, "that is the best sort of pepper." "Well, I tell you that it is half peas—call Mr. Mills." That gentleman came, and the joker remarked: "I always expected to get the best of everything in this house, but the pepper is half peas." "That can't be so; we take especial pains to procure it and have it ground in our own mill." "Well, it is so, and I can prove it." "If you can I should like to have you." "Well, John, you just spell it." And the amiable proprietor retired with a sweet and gentle smile on his benevolent face.

THE DEACON'S HORSE.

A noted politician and divine, who was an expert at a horse trade, is reported to have sold a horse to one of his deacons. A day or two afterward the deacon called on him, when the following colloquy took place:

Deacon N.—"Elder K., that horse you sold me is stove in the fore-shoulder."

Elder K.—"Eh! deacon? If that be so, I advise you to say nothing about it. You may want to sell the animal, and it would injure the sale of him."

The deacon withdrew.

SONG.

The silent bird is hid in the boughs,
The scythe is hid in the corn,
The lazy oxen wink and drowse,
The grateful sheep are shorn.
Redder and redder burns the rose,
The lily was ne'er so pale,
Stiller and stiller the river flows
Along the path to the vale.

A little door is hid in the boughs,
A face is hiding within;
When birds are silent and oxen drowse,
Why should a maiden spin?
Slower and slower turns the wheel,
The face turns red and pale,
Brighten and brighten the looks that steal
Along the path to the vale.

EAST LYNNE;

OR,

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MR. DILL IN AN EMBROIDERED SHIRT-FRONT.

It was a lovely morning in June, and all West Lynne was astir. West Lynne generally was astir in the morning, but not in the bustling manner that might be observed now. People were abroad in numbers, pressing down to St. Jude's church, for it was the day of Mr. Carlyle's marriage to Barbara Hare.

Miss Carlyle made herself into a sort of martyr. She would not go near it; fine weddings in fine churches did not suit her, she proclaimed; they could tie themselves up together fast enough without her presence. She had invited the little Carlyles and their governess and Joyce to spend the day with her; and she persisted in regarding the children as martyrs too, in being obliged to submit to the advent of a second mother. She was back in her old house again, next door to the office, settled there for life now with her servants. Peter had mortally offended her, in electing to remain at East Lynne.

Mr. Dill committed himself terribly on the wedding morning. About ten o'clock he made his appearance at Miss Carlyle's; he was a man of the old stage, possessing old-fashioned notions, and he had deemed that to step in, to congratulate her on the auspicious day, would be only good manners.

Miss Carlyle was seated in her dining-room, her hands folded before her. It was rare indeed that she was caught doing nothing. She turned her eyes on Mr. Dill as he entered.

"Why, what on earth has taken you!" began she, before he could speak. "You are decked out like a young buck."

"I am going to the wedding, Miss Cornelia. Did you know it? Mrs. Hare was so kind as to invite me to the breakfast, and Mr. Archibald insists upon my going to church. I am not too fine, am I?"

Poor old Dill's "finery" consisted of a white waistcoat with gold buttons, and an embroidered shirt-front. Miss Corny was pleased to regard it with sarcastic wrath.

"Fine!" echoed she, "I don't know what you call it. I would not make myself such a spectacle for untold gold. You'll have all the ragamuffins in the street forming a tail after you, thinking you are the bridegroom. A man of your years to deck yourself out in a worked shirt! I would have had some rosettes on my coat-tails, while I was about it."

"My coat's quite plain, Miss Cornelia," he meekly remonstrated.

"Plain! what would you have it?" snapped Miss Corny. "Perhaps you covet a wreath of embroidery round it, gold leaves and scarlet flowers, with a swansdown collar? It would be only in keeping with that shirt and waistcoat. I might as well have gone and ordered a white tarlatan dress, looped up with peas, and streamed through the town in that guise. It would be just as consistent."

"People like to dress a little out of common at a wedding, Miss Cornelia; it's only respectful, when they are invited guests."

"I don't say people should go to a wedding in a hop sack. But there's a medium. Pray do you know your age?"

"I am turned sixty, Miss Corny."

"You just are. And do you consider it decent for an old man, going on for seventy, to be decorated off as you are now? I don't; and so I tell you my mind. Why, you'll be the laughing-stock of the parish? Take care the boys don't tie a tin kettle to you!"

Mr. Dill thought he would leave the subject. His own impression was, that he was not too fine, and that the parish would not regard him as being so; still, he had a great reverence for Miss Corny's judgment and was not altogether easy. He had had his white gloves in his hand when he entered, but he surreptitiously smuggled them into his pocket, lest they might offend. He passed to the subject which had brought him thither.

"What I came in for, was to offer you my congratulations on this auspicious day, Miss Cornelia. I hope Mr. Archibald and his wife, and you, ma'am—"

"There! you need not trouble yourself to go on," interrupted Miss Corny, hotly arresting him. "We want condolence here to-day rather than the other thing. I'm sure I'd nearly as soon see Archibald go to his hanging."

"Oh, Miss Corny!"

"I would; and you need not stare at me as if you were throttled. What business has he to go and fetter himself with a wife again? one would have thought he had had enough with the other. It is as I have always said; there's a soft place in Archibald's brain."

Old Dill knew there was no "soft place" in the brain of Mr. Carlyle, but he deemed it might be as well not to say so, in Miss Corny's present humor. "Marriage is a happy state, as I have heard, ma'am, and honorable; and I am sure Mr. Archibald—"

"Very happy! very honorable!" fiercely cried Miss Carlyle, sarcasm in her tone. "His last marriage brought him all that, did it not?"

"That's past and done with, Miss Corny, and none of us need recall it. I hope he will find in his present wife, a recompense for what's gone; he could not have chosen a prettier or nicer young lady than Miss Barbara; and I am glad to my very heart that he has got her."

"Couldn't he!" jerked Miss Carlyle.

"No, ma'am, he could not. Were I young, and wanting a wife, there's no one in all West Lynne I would so soon look out for as Miss Barbara. Not that she'd have me; and I was not speaking in that sense, Miss Corny."

"It's to be hoped you were not," retorted Miss Corny. "She is an idle, insolent, vain fagot, caring for nothing but her own doll's face and for Archibald."

"Ah, well, ma'am, never mind that; pretty young girls know they are pretty, and you can't take their vanity from them. She'll be a good and loving wife to him; I know she will; it is in her nature; she won't serve him as—as—that other poor unfortunate did."

"If I feared she was one to bring shame to him, as that other did, I'd go into the church this hour and forbid the marriage; and if that didn't do, I'd—I'd—smother her!" shrieked Miss Carlyle. "Look at that piece of impudence!"

The last sentence was uttered in a different tone, and concerned somebody in the street. Miss Carlyle hopped off her chair and strode to the window. Mr. Dill's eyes turned in the like direction.

In a gay and summer's dress, fine and sparkling, with a coquettish little bonnet, trimmed with pink, shaded by one of those nondescript articles at present called veils, which article was made of white spotted net, with a pink roche round it, sailed Afy Hallijohn, conceited and foolish and good-looking as ever. Catching sight of Mr. Dill, she made him a flourishing and gracious bow. The courteous old gentleman returned it, and was pounced upon by Miss Corny's tongue for his pains.

"Whatever possessed you to do that?"

"Well, Miss Corny, she spoke to me. You saw her."

"I saw her! yes, I did see her, the brazen bell-wether! And she saw me, and spoke to you in her insolence. And you must answer her, in spite of my presence, instead of shaking your fist and giving her a reproving frown. You want a little sharp talking to yourself."

"But, Miss Corny, it's always best to let bygones be bygones," he pleaded. "She was flighty and foolish, and all that, was Afy; but now that it's proved she did not go with Richard Hare, as was suspected, and is at present living creditably, why should she not be noticed?"

"If the very deuce himself stood there with his horns and tail, you would find excuses to make for him," fired Miss Corny. "You are as bad as Archibald! Notice Afy Hallijohn! when she dresses and flirts and minces, as you saw her but now! What creditable servant would flaunt abroad in such a dress and bonnet as that? with that flimsy gauze thing over her face! It's as disreputable as your shirt-front."

Mr. Dill coughed humbly, not wishing to renew the point of the shirt-front. "She is not exactly a servant, Miss Corny, she's a lady's-maid; and ladies'-maids do dress outrageously fine. I had a great respect for her father, ma'am; never a better clerk came into our office."

"Perhaps you'll tell me you have a respect for her! The world's being turned upside down, I think. Formerly, mistresses kept their servants to work; now, it seems they keep them for play. She's going to St. Jude's, you may be sure of it, to stare at this fine wedding, instead of being at home, in a cotton gown and white apron, making beds. Mrs. Latimer must be a droll mistress, to give her liberty in this way. What's that fly for?" sharply added Miss Corny, as one drew up to the office door.

"Fly," said Mr. Dill, stretching forward his bald head. "It must be the one I ordered. Then I'll wish you good-day, Miss Corny."

"Fly for you!" cried Miss Corny. "Have you got the gout, that you could not walk to St. Jude's on foot?"

"I am not going to church yet, I am going on to the Grove, Miss Corny. I thought it would look more proper to have a fly, ma'am; more respectful."

"Not a doubt but you need it, in that trim," retorted she. "Why didn't you put on pumps, and silk stockings with pink clocks?"

He was glad to bow himself out, she kept on so. But he thought he would do it with a pleasant remark, to show her he bore no ill will. "Just look at the crowds pouring down, Miss Corny; the church will be as full as it can cram."

"I dare say it will," retorted she. "One fool makes many."

"I fear Miss Cornelia does not like this marriage any more than she did the last," quoth Mr. Dill to himself as he stepped into his fly. "Such a sensible woman as she is in other things, to be so bitter against Mr. Archibald because he marries! It's not like her. I wonder," he added, his thoughts changing, "whether I do look foolish in this shirt? I'm sure I never thought of decking myself out to appear young—as Miss Corny said—I only wished to testify respect to Mr. Archibald and Miss Barbara; nothing else would have made me give five-and-twenty shillings for it. Perhaps it's not etiquette—or whatever they call it—to wear them in a morning? Miss Corny ought to know; and there must certainly be something wrong about it, by the way it put her up. Well, it can't be helped now; it must go—there's no time to return home to change it."

St. Jude's church was in a cram—all the world and his wife had flocked into it. Those who could not get in, took up their station in the churchyard and in the road.

Well, it was a goodly show. Ladies and gentlemen as smart as fine feathers could make them. Mr. Carlyle was one of the first to enter the church, self-possessed and calm, the very essence of a gentleman. Oh! but he was noble to look upon; though when was he otherwise? Mr. and Mrs. Clitheroe were there, Anne Hare, that was; a surprise for some of the gazers, who had not known they were expected to the wedding. Gentle, delicate Mrs. Hare walked up the church leaning on the arm of Sir John Dobede, a paler shade than usual on her sweet, sad face. "She's thinking of her wretched, ill-doing son," quoth the gossips, one to another. But who comes in now, with an air as if the whole church belonged to him? An imposing, pompous man, stern and grim, in a new flaxen wig, and a white rose in his button-hole. It is Mr. Justice Hare, and he leads in one whom folks jump upon seats to get a look at.

Very lovely was Barbara, in her soft, white silk robes, and her floating veil. Her cheeks, now blushing rosy red, now pale as the veil that shaded them, betrayed how intense was her emotion. The bride-maids came after her with jaunty steps, vain in their important office: Louisa Dobede, Augusta and Kate Herbert, and Mary Pinner.

Mr. Carlyle was already in his place at the altar; and as Barbara neared him, he advanced, took her hand and placed her on his left. I don't think that it was quite usual; but he had been married before, and ought to know. The clerk directed the rest where to stand, and, after some little delay, the service proceeded.

In spite of her emotion—and that it was great, scarcely to be repressed, none could doubt—Barbara made the responses bravely. Be you very sure that a woman who loves him she is being united to, must experience this emotion.

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony?" spoke the Reverend Mr. Little. "Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

"I will."

Clearly, firmly, impressively was the answer given. It was as if Barbara had in her thoughts one, who had not "kept only unto him," and would proclaim her own resolution never so to betray him, God helping her.

The ceremony was very soon over, and Barbara, the magic ring upon her finger, and her arm within Mr. Carlyle's, was led out to his chariot, now hers: had he not just endowed her with his worldly goods?

The crowds shouted and hurrahed as they caught a sight of her blushing face, but the carriage was soon clear of the crowd, who concentrated their curiosity upon the other carriages that were to follow it. The company were speeding back to the Grove to breakfast. Mr. Carlyle, breaking the silence, suddenly turned to his bride and spoke, his tone impassioned, almost unto pain.

"Barbara, you will keep your vows to me?"

She raised her shy, blue eyes, so full of love, to his; earnest feeling had brought the tears to them.

"Always, in the spirit and the letter, until death shall claim me. So help me Heaven!"

The German watering-places were crowded that early autumn. They generally are crowded at that season, now that the English flock abroad in shoals, like the swallows quitting our cold country, to return again sometime. France has been pretty well used up, so now we fall upon Germany. Stalkenberg was that year particularly full, for its size—you might have put it in a nutshell; and it derived its importance, name, and most else belonging to it, from its lord of the soil, the Baron von Stalkenberg. A stalwart old man was the baron, with grizzly hair, a grizzly beard, and manners as loutish as those of the boars he hunted. He had four sons, as stalwart as himself, and who promised to be in time as grizzled. They were all styled the Counts von Stalkenberg, being distinguished by their Christian names—all save the eldest son, and he was generally called the young baron. Two of them were away—soldiers; and two, the eldest and the youngest, lived with their father in the tumble-down castle of Stalkenberg, situated about a mile from the village to which it gave its name. The young Baron von Stalkenberg was at liberty to marry; the three Counts von Stalkenberg were not—unless they could pick up a wife with enough money to keep herself and her husband. In this creed they had been brought up. It was a perfectly understood creed, and not rebelled against.

The young Baron von Stalkenberg (who was only styled young in contradistinction to his father, being in his forty-first year) was famous for a handsome person, and for his passionate love of the chase; of wild boars and wolves he was the deadly enemy. The Count Otto von Stalkenberg (eleven years his brother's junior) was famous for nothing but his fiercely-ringed mustache, a habit of eating, and an undue addiction to draughts of Marcobrunnen. Somewhat meagre fare, so report ran, was the fashion in the Castle of Stalkenberg—neither the old baron nor his heir cared for luxury; therefore Count von Otto was sure to be seen at the table d'hôte as often as anybody would invite him, and that was nearly every day, for the Count von Stalkenberg was a high-sounding title, and his baronial father, proprietor of all Stalkenberg, lorded it in the baronial castle close by, all of which appeared very grand and great, and that the English bow down to with an idol's worship.

Stopping at the Ludwig Bad, the chief hotel in the place, was a family of the name of Crosby. It consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, an only daughter, her governess, and two or three servants. What Mr. Crosby had done to England, or England to him, I can't say, but he never went near his native country. For years and years he had lived abroad—not in any settled place of residence; they would travel about, and remain a year or two in one place, a year or two in another, as the whim suited them. A respectable, portly man, of quiet and gentlemanly manners, looking as little like one who need be afraid of the laws of his own land as can be. Neither is it said or insinuated that he was afraid of them. A gentleman who knew him had told, many years before, in answer to a doubt, that Crosby was as free to go home and establish himself in a mansion in Piccadilly, as the best of them. But he had lost fearfully by some roguish scheme, like the South Sea Bubble, and could not live in the style he once had done, therefore preferred remaining abroad. Mrs. Crosby was a pleasant, chatty woman, given to take as much gayety as she could get, and Helena Crosby was a remarkably fine grown girl of seventeen. You might have given her some years on it had you been guessing her age, for she was no child, either in appearance or manners, and never had been. She was an heiress, too. An uncle had left her twenty thousand pounds, and at her mother's death, she would have ten thousand more. The Count Otto von Stalkenberg heard of the thirty thousand pounds, and turned his fierce mustache and his eyes on Miss Helena.

"Thirty thousand pounds and von handsome girls!" cogitated he, for he prided himself upon his English. "It is just what I have been seeking after."

He found the rumor touching her fortune to be correct, and from that time was seldom apart from the Crosbys. They were as pleased to have his society as he was to be in theirs, for was he not the Count von Stalkenberg? And the other visitors at Stalkenberg, looking on with envy, would have given their ears to be honored with a like intimacy.

One day there thundered down in a vehicle the old Baron von Stalkenberg. The old chief had come to pay a visit of ceremony to the Crosbys. And the host of the Ludwig Bad, as he appeared himself to marshal this chieftain to their saloon, bowed his body low with every step:

"Room there, room there, for the mighty Baron von Stalkenberg."

The mighty baron had come to invite them to a feast at his castle, where no feast had ever been made so grand before as this would be; and Otto had carte blanche to engage other distinguished sojourners at Stalkenberg, English, French, and natives, who had been civil to him. Mrs. Crosby's head was turned.

And now, I ask you, knowing as you do our national notions, was it not enough to turn it? You will not, then, be surprised to hear that when, some days subsequent to the feast, the Count Otto von Stalkenberg laid his proposals at Helena's feet, they were not rejected.

Helena Crosby rushed into her governess's room.

"Madame! madame! only think. I am going to be married!"

Madame lifted her pale, sad face—a very sad and pale face was hers.

"Indeed!" she gently uttered.

"And my studies are to be over from to-day. Mamma says so."

"You are over young to marry, Helena."

"Now, don't you bring up that, madame. It is just what papa is harping upon," returned Miss Helena.

"Is it to Count Otto?" And it may be remarked that the governess's English accent was perfect, although the young lady addressed her as "Madame."

"Count Otto, of course. As if I would marry anybody else!"

Look at the governess, reader, and see whether you know her. You will say "No." But you do, for it is Lady Isabel Vane. But how strangely she is altered! Yes, the railway accident did that for her, and what the accident left undone, grief and remorse accomplished. She limps as she walks, and slightly stoops, taking from her former height. A scar extends from her chin above her mouth, completely changing the character of the lower part of her face; some of her teeth are missing, so that she speaks with a lisp, and the sober bands of her gray hair—it is nearly silver—are confined under a large and close cap. She herself tries to make the change greater, so that all chance of being recognized may be at an end, and for that reason she wears disfiguring spectacles, and a broad band of gray velvet, coming down low upon her forehead. Her dress, too, is equally disfiguring. Never is she seen in one that fits her person, but in those frightful "loose jackets," which must surely have been invented by somebody envious of a pretty shape. As to her bonnet, it would put to shame those masquerade things tilted on to the back of the head, for it actually shaded her face; and she was never seen out without a thick veil. She was pretty easy upon the score of being recognized now; for Mrs. Ducie and her daughters had been sojourning at Stalkenberg, and they did not know her in the least. Who could know her? What resemblance was there between that gray broken-down woman, with her disfiguring marks, and the once lovely Lady Isabel, with her bright color, her beauty, her dark flowing curls, and her agile figure? Mr. Carlyle himself could not have told her. But she was good-looking still, in spite of it all, gentle and interesting; and people wondered to see that gray hair in one yet young.

She had been with the Crosbys going on for two years. After her recovery from the railway accident, she removed to a quiet town in its vicinity; they were living there, and she became daily governess to Helena. The Crosbys were given to understand that she was English, but the widow of a Frenchman—she was obliged to offer some plausible account. There were no references; but she so won upon their esteem as the daily governess, that they soon took her into the house. Had Lady Isabel surmised that they would be travelling to so conspicuous a spot as an English-frequented German watering-place, she might have hesitated to accept the engagement. However, it had been of service to her; the meeting with Mrs. Ducie proving that she was altered beyond chance of recognition. She could go anywhere now.

But now, about her state of mind? I don't know how to describe it; the vain yearning, the inward fever, the restless longing for what might not be. Longing for what? For her children. Let the mother, be she a duchess, or be she an apple woman at a stand, be separated for awhile from her children—let her answer how she yearns for them. She may be away on a tour of pleasure for a few weeks; the longing to see their little faces again, to hear their prattling tongues, to feel their soft kisses, is kept under; and there may be frequent messages, "The children's dear love to mamma;" but, as the weeks lengthen out, the desire to see them again becomes almost irrepressible. What must it have been then for Lady Isabel, who had endured this longing for years? Talk of the mal du pays, which is said to attack the Swiss when exiled from their country, that is as nothing compared to the heart sickness which clung to Lady Isabel. She had passionately loved her children; she had been anxious for their welfare in all ways; and not the least that she had to endure now was the thought that she had abandoned them to be trained by strangers. Would they be trained to goodness, to morality, to religion? Careless as she herself had once been upon these points, she had learned better now. Would Isabel grow up to indifference, to—perhaps do as she had done? Lady Isabel flung her hands before her eyes and groaned in anguish.

It happened that Mrs. Latimer, a lady living at West Lynne, betook herself about that time to Stalkenberg, and with her, three parts maid and one part companion, went Afy Hallijohn. Not that Afy was admitted to the society of Mrs. Latimer, to sit with her or dine with her, nothing of that; but she did enjoy more privileges than most ladies'-maids do, and Afy, who was never backward at setting off her own consequence, gave out that she was "companion." Mrs. Latimer was an easy woman, fond of Afy; and Afy had made her own tale good to her respecting the ill-natured reports at the time of the murder, so that Mrs. Latimer looked upon her as one to be compassionated.

Mrs. Latimer and Mrs. Crosby, whose apartments in the hotel joined, struck up a violent friendship, the one for the other. Ere the former had been a week at the Ludwig, they had sworn something like eternal sisterhood—as both had probably done for others fifty times before.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MEETING OF LADY ISABEL AND AFY.

On the evening of the day when Helena Crosby communicated her future prospects to Lady Isabel, the latter strolled out in the twilight and took her seat on a bench in an unfrequented part of the gardens, where she was fond of sitting. Now it occurred that Afy, some minutes afterward, found herself in the same walk—and a very dull one, too, she was thinking.

"Who's that?" quoth Afy to herself, her eyes falling upon Lady Isabel. "Oh, it's that governess of the Crosbys. She may be known, a half a mile off, by her grandmother's bonnet. I'll go and have a chat with her."

Accordingly Afy, who was never troubled with bashfulness, went up and seated herself beside Lady Isabel. "Good-evening, Madame Vine," cried she.

"Good-evening," replied Lady Isabel, courteously, not having the least idea of who Afy might be.

"You don't know me, I fancy," pursued Afy, so gathering from Lady Isabel's looks. "I am companion to Mrs. Latimer; and she is spending the evening with Mrs. Crosby. Precious dull, this Stalkenberg."

"Do you think so?"

"It is for me. I can't speak German or French, and the upper attendants of families here can't; most of them speak English. I'm sure I go about like an owl, able to do nothing but stare. I was sick enough to come here, but I'd rather be back at West Lynne, quiet as it is."

Lady Isabel had not been encouraging her companion, either by words or manner, but the last sentence caused her heart to bound within her. Control herself as she would, she could not quite hide her feverish interest.

"Do you come from West Lynne?"

"Yes. Horrid place! Mrs. Latimer took a house there soon after I went to live with her. I'd rather she'd taken it at Botany Bay."

"Why do you not like it?"

"Because I don't," was Afy's satisfactory answer.

"Do you know East Lynne?" resumed Lady Isabel, her heart beating and her brain whirling, as she deliberated how she could put all the questions she wished to ask.

"I ought to know it," returned Afy. "My own sister, Miss Hallijohn, is head maid there. Why, do you know it, Madame Vine?"

Lady Isabel hesitated; she was deliberating upon her answer.

"Some years ago I was staying in the neighborhood for a little time," she said. "I should like to hear of the Carlyles again; they were a nice family."

Afy tossed her head.

"Ah! but there have been changes since that. I dare say you knew them in the time of Lady Isabel?"

Another pause.

"Lady Isabel? Yes, she was Mr. Carlyle's wife."

"And a nice wife she made him," ironically rejoined Afy. "You must have heard of it, Madame Vine, unless you lived in a wood. She eloped; abandoned him and her children."

"Are the children living?"

"Yes, poor things. But the one's on its road to the churchyard—if ever I saw threatened consumption yet. Joyce, that's my sister, is in a flaring temper when I say it. She thinks it will get strong again."

Lady Isabel passed her handkerchief across her moist brow.

"Which of the children is it?" she faintly asked. "Isabel?"

"Isabel!" retorted Afy. "Who's Isabel?"

"The eldest child, I mean; Miss Isabel Carlyle."

"There's no Isabel. There's Lucy. She's the only daughter."

"When—when—I knew them, there was only one daughter; the other two were boys; I remember quite well that she was called Isabel."

"Stay," said Afy; "now you speak of it, what was it that I heard? It was Wilson told told me, I recollect—she's the nurse. Why, the very night that his wife went away, Mr. Carlyle gave orders that the child in future should be called Lucy, her second name. No wonder," added Afy, violently indignant, "that he could no longer endure the sound of her mother's, or suffer the child to bear it."

"No wonder," murmured Lady Isabel.

"Which child is it that's ill?"

"It's William, the eldest boy. He is not to say ill, but he is as thin as a herring, with an unnaturally bright look on his cheeks, and a glaze upon his eyes. Joyce says his cheeks are no brighter than his mother's were, but I know better. Folks in health don't have those brilliant colors."

"Did you ever see Lady Isabel?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Not I," returned Afy; "I should have thought it demeaning. One does not care to be brought into contact with that sort of misdoing lot, you know, Madame Vine."

"There was another one, a little boy, Archibald, I think his name was. Is he well?"

"Oh, the troublesome youngster! he is as sturdy as a Turk. No fear of his going into a consumption. He is the very image of Mr. Carlyle, is that child. I say, though, madame," continued Afy, changing the subject unceremoniously, "if you were stopping at West Lynne, perhaps you heard some mischief-making stories concerning me?"

"I believe I did hear your name mentioned. I cannot charge my memory now with the particulars."

"My father was murdered—you must have heard of that?"

"Yes, I recollect so far."

"He was murdered by a chap called Richard Hare, who decamped instanter. Perhaps you know the Hares also? Well, directly after the funeral I left West Lynne; I could not bear the place; and I stopped away. And what do you suppose they said of me?—that I had gone after Richard Hare. Not that I knew they were saying it, or I should pretty soon have been back and given them the length of my tongue. But now, I just ask you, as a lady, Madame Vine, whether a more infamous accusation was ever pitched upon?"

"And you had not gone after him?"

"No; that I swear," passionately returned Afy. "Make myself a companion of my father's murderer! If Mr. Calcraft, the hangman, finished off a few of those West Lynne scandal-mongers, it might be a warning to the others. I said so to Mr. Carlyle."

"To Mr. Carlyle," repeated Lady Isabel, hardly conscious that she did repeat it.

"He laughed, I remember, and said that would not stop the scandal. The only one who did not misjudge me was himself; he did not believe that I was with Richard Hare; but he was ever noble-judging, was Mr. Carlyle."

"I suppose you were in a situation?"

Afy coughed.

"To be sure. More than one. I lived as companion with an old lady who so valued me that she left me a handsome legacy in her will. I lived two years with the Countess of Mount Severn."

"With the Countess of Mount Severn!" echoed Lady Isabel, surprised into the remark. "Why, she—she—was related to Mr. Carlyle's wife. At least Lord Mount Severn was."

"Of course; everybody knows that. I was living there at the time the business happened. Didn't the countess call Lady Isabel to pieces! She and Miss Levison used to sit, cant, cant, all day over it. Oh, I assure you I know all about it, just as much as Joyce did. Have you got the headache, that you are leaning on your hand?"

"Headache and heartache both," she might have answered.

Miss Afy resumed.

"So, after the flattering compliment West Lynne had paid me, you may judge I was in no hurry to go back to it, Madame Vine. And if I had not found that Mrs. Latimer's promised to be an excellent place, I should have left it, rather than be marshalled there. But I have lived it down; I should like to hear any of them fibbing against me now. Do you know that blessed Miss Corny?"

"I have seen her."

"She shakes her head and makes eyes at me still. But so she would at an angel; a cross-grained old cockatoo!"

"Is she still at East Lynne?"

"Not she, indeed. There would be drawn battles between her and Mrs. Carlyle, if she were."

A dart, as of an ice-bolt, seemed to arrest the blood in Lady Isabel's veins.

"Mrs. Carlyle?" she faltered. "Who is Mrs. Carlyle?"

"Mr. Carlyle's wife. Who should she be?"

The rushing blood leaped on now, fast and fiery.

"I did not know he had married again."

"He has been married now—oh, getting on for fifteen months; a twelvemonth last June. I went to the church to see them married. Wasn't there a cram! She looked beautiful that day."

Lady Isabel laid her hand upon her heart. But for that delectable "loose jacket," Afy might have detected her bosom rise and fall. She steadied her voice sufficiently to speak.

"Did he marry Barbara Hare?"

"You may take your oath of that," said Afy. "If folks tell true, there were love scenes between them before he ever thought of Lady Isabel. I had that from Wilson, and she ought to know, for she lived at the Hares'. Another thing is said—only you must just believe one word of West Lynne talk, and disbelieve ten—that if Lady Isabel had not died, Mr. Carlyle never would have married again; he had scruples. Half a dozen were given to him by report; Louisa Dobede for one, and Mary Pinner for another. Such nonsense! folks might have made sure it would be Barbara Hare. There's a baby now."

"Is there!" was the faint answer.

"A beautiful boy, three or four months old. Mrs. Carlyle is not a little proud of him. She worships her husband."

"Is she kind to the first children?"

"For all I know. I don't think she has much to do with them. Archibald is in the nursery, and the other two are mostly with the governess."

"There is a governess?"

"Nearly the first thing that Mr. Carlyle did, after his wife's moonlight flitting, was to seek a governess, and she has been there ever since. She is going to leave now; to be married; Joyce told me."

"Are you much at East Lynne?"

Afy shook her head. "I am not going much, I can tell you, where I am looked down upon. Mrs. Carlyle does not favor me. She knew that her brother Richard would have given his head to marry me, and she resents it. No such a great catch, I'm sure, that Dick Hare, even if he had gone on right," continued Afy, somewhat after the example of the fox, looking at the unattainable grapes. "He had no brains to speak of; and what he had were the color of a peacock's tail—green."

"I wonder," cried the governess, "how the tidings of Lady Isabel's death were received at East Lynne?"

"I don't know anything about that. They held it as a jubilee, I should say, and set all the bells in the town to ring, and feasted the men upon legs of mutton and onion sauce afterward. I should, I know. A brute animal, deaf and dumb, such as a cow or a goose, clings to its offspring, but she abandoned hers. Are you going in, Madame Vine?"

"I must go in now. Good-evening to you."

She had sat till she could sit no longer; her very heart-strings were wrung, and she might not rise up in defence of herself. Defence? Did she not deserve more, ten thousand times more reproach than had met her ears now? This girl did not say of her half what the world must say.

To bed at the usual time, but not to sleep. What she had heard only increased her vain, insensate longing. A step-mother at East Lynne, and one of her children gliding on to death! Oh! to be with them! to see them once again! To purchase that boon, she would willingly forfeit all the rest of her existence.

Her frame was fevered; the bed was fevered; and she rose and paced the room. This state of mind would inevitably bring on bodily illness, possibly an attack of the brain. She dreaded that; for there was no telling what she might reveal in her delirium. Her temples were throbbing, her heart was beating, and she once more threw herself upon the bed, and pressed the pillow down upon her forehead. There is no doubt that the news of Mr. Carlyle's marriage helped greatly the excitement. She did not pray to die, but she did wish that death might come to her.

What would have been the ending is impossible to say, but a strange turn in affairs came; one of those wonderful coincidences sometimes, but not often, to be met with. Mrs. Crosby appeared in Madame Vine's rooms after breakfast, and gave her an account of Helena's projected marriage. She then apologized (the real object of her visit) for dispensing so summarily with madame's services, but had reason to hope that she could introduce her to another situation. Would madame have any objection to take one in England? Madame was upon the point of replying that she should not choose to enter one in England, when Mrs. Crosby stopped her, saying she would call in Mrs. Latimer, who could tell her about it better than she could.

Mrs. Latimer came in, all eagerness and volubility.

"Ah, my dear madame," she exclaimed, "you would be fortunate indeed if you were to get into this family. The nicest people they are; he so liked and respected; she so pretty and engaging. A most desirable situation, too; treated as a lady, and all things comfortable. There's only one pupil, a girl; one of the little boys, I believe, goes in for an hour or two, but that's not much; and the salary's seventy guineas. They are friends of mine; the Carlyles; such a beautiful place they live at—East Lynne."

The Carlyles! East Lynne! Go governess there? Lady Isabel's breath was taken away.

"They are parting with their governess," continued Mrs. Latimer, "and, when I was there, a day or two before I started on my tour to Germany, Mrs. Carlyle said to me, 'I suppose you could not pick us up a desirable governess for Lucy; one who is mistress of French and German.' She spoke in a half joking tone, but I feel sure that were I to write word I had found one desirable, it would give her pleasure. Now, Mrs. Crosby tells me your French is quite that of a native, Madame Vine, that you read and speak German well, and that your musical abilities are excellent. I think you would be just the one to suit; and I have no doubt I could get you the situation. What do you say?"

What could she say? Her brain was in a whirl.

"I am anxious to find you one if I can," put in Mrs. Crosby. "We have been much pleased with you, and I should like you to be desirably placed. As Mrs. Latimer is so kind as to interest herself, it appears to me an opportunity that should not be missed."

"Shall I write to Mrs. Carlyle?" rejoined Mrs. Latimer.

Lady Isabel roused herself, and so far cleared her intellects as to understand and answer the question. "Perhaps you will kindly give me until to-morrow morning to consider of it? I had not intended to take a situation in England."

A battle she had with herself that day. At one moment it seemed to her that Providence must have placed this opportunity in her way that she might see her children in her desperate longing; at another, a voice appeared to whisper that it was a wily, dangerous temptation flung across her path, one which it was her duty to resist and flee from. Then came another phase of the picture—how should she bear to see Mr. Carlyle the husband of another?—to live in the same house with them, to witness his attentions, possibly his caresses? It might be difficult; but she could force and school her heart to endurance; had she not resolved, in her first bitter repentance, to take up her cross daily, and bear it? No;

her own feelings, let them be wrong as they would, should not prove the obstacle.

Evening came, and she had not decided. She passed another night of pain, of restlessness, of longing for her children; this intense longing appeared to be overmastering all her powers of mind and body. The temptation at length proved too strong; the project having been placed before her covetous eyes, could not be relinquished, and she finally resolved to go. "What is it that would keep me away?" she argued. "The dread of discovery? Well, if that comes it must; they could not hang me or kill me. Deeper humiliation than ever would be my portion when they drive me from East Lynne with abhorrence and ignominy, as a soldier is drummed out of his regiment; but I could bear that as I must bear the rest, and I can shrink under some hedge and lay myself down to die. Humiliation for me! No; I will not put that in comparison with seeing and being with my children."

Mrs. Latimer wrote to Mrs. Carlyle. She had met with a governess; one desirable in every way, who could not fail to suit her views precisely. She was a Madame Vine, English by birth, but the widow of a Frenchman; a Protestant, a thorough gentlewoman, an efficient linguist and musician, and competent to her duties in all ways. Mrs. Crosby, with whom she had lived two years, regarded her as a treasure, and would not have parted with her but for Helena's marriage with a German nobleman. "You must not mind her appearance," went on the letter. "She is the oddest-looking person; wears spectacles, caps, enormous bonnets, and has a great scar on her mouth and chin; and though she can't be more than thirty, her hair is gray; she is also slightly lame. But, understand you, she is a lady with it all, and looks one."

When this description reached East Lynne, Barbara laughed at it as she read it aloud to Mr. Carlyle. He laughed also.

"It is well governesses are not chosen according to their looks," he said, "or I fear Madame Vine would stand but a poor chance."

They resolved to engage her, and word went back to that effect.

A strangely wild tumult filled Lady Isabel's bosom. She first of all hunted her luggage over, her desk, everything belonging to her, lest any mark on linen might be there, which could give a clue to her former self. The bulk of her luggage remained at Paris, warehoused, where it had been sent ere she quitted Grenoble. She next saw to her wardrobe, making it still more unlike anything she had used to wear; her caps, save that they were simple, and fitted closely to the face, nearly rivalled those of Miss Carlyle. Her handwriting she had been striving for two years to change the character of, and had so far succeeded that none would now take it for Lady Isabel Vane's. But her hand shook as she wrote to Mrs. Carlyle—who had written to her. She—she writing to Mr. Carlyle's wife! and in the capacity of a subordinate! How would she like to live with her as a subordinate? a servant—it may be said—where she had once reigned, the idolized lady? She must bear that, as she must bear all else. Hot tears came into her eyes, with a gush, as they fell on the signature "Barbara Carlyle."

All ready, she sat down and waited the signal of departure; but that was not to be yet. It was finally arranged that she should travel to England and to West Lynne with Mrs. Latimer, and that lady would not return until October. Lady Isabel could only fold her hands and strive for patience.

But the day did come—it actually did; and Mrs. Latimer, Lady Isabel and Afy quitted Stalkenberg. Mrs. Latimer would only travel slowly, and the impatient, fevered woman thought the journey would never end.

"You have been informed, I think, of the position of these unhappy children that you are going to," Mrs. Latimer observed to her one day. "You must not speak to them of their mother. She left them."

"Yes."

"It is never well to speak to children of a mother who has disgraced them. Mr. Carlyle would not like it; and I dare say they are taught to forget her, and to regard Mrs. Carlyle as their only mother."

Her aching heart had to assent to all.

It was a foggy afternoon, gray with the coming twilight, when they arrived at West Lynne. Mrs. Latimer, believing the governess was a novice in England, kindly put her into a fly, and told the driver his destination. "Au revoir, madame," she said, "and good luck to you."

Once more she was whirling along the familiar road. She saw Justice Hare's house, she saw other marks which she knew well; and once more she saw East Lynne, the dear old house, for the fly had turned into the avenue. Lights were moving in the windows; it looked gay and cheerful, a contrast to her. Her heart was sick with expectation, her throat was beating; and as the man thundered up with all the force of his one horse, and halted at the steps, her sight momentarily left her. Would Mr. Carlyle come to the fly to hand her out? She wished she had never undertaken the project, now, in the depth of her fear and agitation. The hall door was flung open, and there gushed forth a blaze of light.

The two men-servants stood there. The one remained in the hall, the other advanced to the chaise. He assisted Lady Isabel to alight, and then busied himself with the luggage. As she ascended to the hall she recognized old Peter. Strange, indeed, did it seem not to say, "How are you, Peter?" but to meet him as a stranger. For a moment she was at a loss for words; what should she say, or ask, coming to her own home? Her manner was embarrassed, her voice low.

"Is Mrs. Carlyle within?"

"Yes, ma'am."

At that moment Joyce came forward to receive her.

"It is Madame Vine, I believe," she respectfully said. "Please to step this way, madame."

But Lady Isabel lingered in the hall, ostensibly to see that her boxes came in right—Stephen was bringing them up then—in reality to gather a short respite, for Joyce might be about to usher her into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle.

Joyce, however, did nothing of the sort. She merely conducted her to the gray parlor. A fire was burning in the grate, looking cheerful on the autumn night.

"This is your sitting room, madame. What will you please to take? I will order it brought in while I show you your bedchamber."

"A cup of tea," answered Lady Isabel.

"Tea, and some cold meat," suggested Joyce. But Lady Isabel interrupted her.

"Nothing but tea, and a little cold toast."

Joyce rang the bell, ordered the refreshment to be made ready, and then preceded Lady Isabel up-stairs. On she followed, her heart palpitating; past the rooms that used to be hers, along the corridor, toward the second staircase. The door of her old dressing-room stood open, and she glanced in with a yearning look. No, nevermore, nevermore could it be hers; she had put it from her by her own free act and deed. Not less comfortable did it look now than in former days, but it had passed into another's occupancy. The fire threw its blaze on the furniture. There were the little ornaments on the large dressing-table, as they used to be in her time; and the cut-glass of crystal essence bottles was glittering in the firelight. On the sofa lay a shawl and a book, and on the bed a silk dress, as if thrown there after being taken off. No, those rooms were not for her now, and she followed Joyce up the other staircase. The bedroom she was shown to was commodious and well furnished. It was the one Miss Carlyle had occupied when she, Isabel, had been taken a bride, to East Lynne, though that lady had subsequently quitted it for one on the lower door. Joyce put down the waxlight she carried, and looked round.

"Would you like a fire lighted here, madame, for to-night? Perhaps it will feel welcome after travelling."

"Oh, no, thank you," was the answer.

Stephen, with somebody to help him, was bringing up the luggage. Joyce directed him where to place it, telling him to uncord the boxes. That done, the man left the room, and Joyce turned to Lady Isabel, who had stood like a statue, never so much as attempting to remove her bonnet.

"Can I do anything for you, madame?" she asked.

Lady Isabel declined. In these her first moments of arrival she was dreading detection—how was it possible that she should not?—and she feared Joyce's keen eyes more, perhaps, than she feared any others. She was only wishing that the girl would go down.

"Should you want any one, please to ring, and Hannah will come up," said Joyce, preparing to retire—"She is the maid who waits upon the gray parlor, and will do anything you like up here."

Joyce had quitted the room, and Lady Isabel had got her bonnet off, when the door opened again. She hastily thrust it on, somewhat after the fashion of Richard Hare's rushing on his hat and false whiskers. It was Joyce.

"Do you think you shall find your way down alone, madame?"

"Yes, I can do that," she answered. Find her way in that house!

Lady Isabel slowly took her things off. What was the use of lingering?—she must meet their eyes, sooner or later. Though, in truth, there was little, if any, fear of her detection, so effectually was she disguised by nature's altering hand, or by art's. It was with the utmost difficulty she kept tranquil. Had the tears once burst forth, they would have gone on to hysterics, without the possibility of control. The coming home again to East Lynne! Oh, it was indeed a time of agitation, terrible, painful agitation, and none can wonder at it. Shall I tell you what she did? Yes, I will, at the expense of your ridicule. She knelt down by the bed and prayed for courage to go through the task she had undertaken; prayed for self-control—even she, the sinful, who had quitted that house under circumstances so notorious. But I am not sure that this mode of return to it was an expedition precisely calculated to call down a blessing.

There was no excuse for lingering longer, and she descended, the waxlight in her hand. Everything was ready in the gray parlor; the tea-tray on the table, the small urn hissing away, the teacaddy in proximity to it. A silver rack of dry toast, butter, and a hot muffin, covered with a small silver cover. The things were to her sight as old faces; the rack, the small cover, the butter-dish, the tea-service; she remembered them all. Not the urn—a copper one—she had no recollection of that. It had possibly been bought for the use of the governess, when a governess came into use at East Lynne. Could she have given herself leisure to reflect on the matter, she might have told, by the signs observable in the short period she had been in the house, that governesses at East Lynne were regarded as gentlewomen—treated well and liberally. Yes; for East Lynne owned Mr. Carlyle for its master.

She made the tea, and sat down with what appetite she might. Her brain, her thoughts, all in a chaos together. She wondered whether Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle were at dinner—she wondered in what part of the house were the children. She heard bells ring now and then; she heard servants cross and recross the hall. Her meal over, she rang her own.

A neat-looking, good-tempered maid answered it, Hannah, who, as Joyce had informed her, waited upon the gray parlor, and was at her, the governess's, especial command. She took away the things, and then Lady Isabel sat on alone. For how long she scarcely knew, when a sound caused her heart to beat as if it would burst its bounds, and she started from her chair like one who has received an electric shock.

It was nothing to be startled at either—for ordinary people; for it was but the sound of children's voices. Her children! were they being brought in to her? She pressed her hand upon her heaving bosom.

No; they were but traversing the hall, and the voices faded away up the wide staircase. Perhaps they had been in to dessert, as in the old times, and were now going up to bed. She looked at her new watch; half-past seven.

Her new watch. The old one had been changed away for it. All her trinkets had been likewise parted with, sold or exchanged away, lest they should be recognized at East Lynne. Nothing whatever had she kept, except her mother's miniature and the small golden cross, set with its seven emeralds. Have you forgotten that cross? Francis Levison accidentally broke it for her the first time they ever met. If she had looked upon the breaking of that cross, which her mother had enjoined her to set such store by, as an evil omen, at the time of the accident, how awfully had the subsequent events seemed to bear her fancy out! These two articles, the miniature and the cross, she could not bring her mind to part with. She had sealed them up, and placed them in the remotest spot of her dressing-case away from all chance of public view. Peter entered.

"My mistress says, ma'am, she would be glad to see you, if you are not too tired. Will you please to walk into the drawing-room?"

A mist swam before her eyes. Was she about to enter the presence of Mr. Carlyle? had the moment really come? She moved to the door, which Peter held open. She turned her head from the man, for she could feel how ashy white were her face and lips.

"Is Mrs. Carlyle alone?" she asked, in a subdued voice. The most indirect way she could put the question, as to whether Mr. Carlyle was there.

"Quite alone, ma'am. My master is dining out to-day. Madame Vine, I think?" he added, waiting to announce her, as, the hall traversed, he laid his hand on the drawing-room door.

"Madame Vine," she said, correcting him. For Peter had spoken the name, Vine, broadly, according to our English habitude; she set him right, and pronounced it à la mode française.

"Madame Veen, ma'am," quoth Peter to his mistress, as he ushered in Lady Isabel.

The old familiar drawing-room; its large, handsome proportions, its well-arranged furniture, its bright chandelier! It all came back to her with a heart sickness. No longer her drawing-room, that she should take pride in it: she had flung it away from her when she flung away the rest.

Seated under the blaze of the chandelier was Barbara. Not a day older did she look than when Lady Isabel had first seen her at the churchyard gates, when she had inquired of her husband who was that pretty girl. "Barbara Hare," he answered. Ay. She was Barbara Hare then, but now she was Barbara Carlyle; and she, she, who had been Isabel Carlyle, was Isabel Vane again? Oh woe! woe!

Inexpressibly more beautiful looked Barbara than Lady Isabel had ever seen her—or else she fancied it. Her evening dress was of pale sky-blue—no other color suited Barbara so well, and there was no other she was so fond of—and on her fair neck was a gold chain, and on her arms were gold bracelets. Her pretty features were attractive as ever; her cheeks were flushed; her blue eyes sparkled, and her light hair was rich and abundant. A contrast, her hair, to that of the worn woman opposite to her.

Barbara came forward, her hand stretched out with a kindly greeting.

"I hope you are not very much tired after your journey?"

Lady Isabel murmured something—she did not know what—and pushed the chair set for her as much as possible into the shade.

"You are not ill, are you?" uttered Barbara, noting the intensely pale face—as much as could be seen of it for the cap and the spectacles.

"Not ill," was the low answer; "only a little fatigued."

"Would you prefer that I spoke with you in the morning? You would like, possibly, to retire to bed at once."

But this Lady Isabel declined. Better get the interview over by candlelight than by daylight.

"You look so very pale. I feared you might be ill."

"I am generally pale; sometimes remarkably so; but my health is good."

"Mrs. Latimer wrote us word that you would be quite sure to suit us," freely spoke Barbara. "I hope you will; and that you may find your residence here agreeable. Have you lived much in England?"

"In the early portion of my life."

"And you have lost your husband and children? Stay. I beg your pardon if I am making a mistake; I think Mrs. Latimer did mention children."

"I have lost them," was the faint, quiet response.

"Oh, but it must be terrible grief when children die!" exclaimed Barbara, clasping her hands in emotion. "I would not lose my babe for the world! I could not part with him."

"Terrible grief, and hard to bear," outwardly assented Lady Isabel. But in her heart she was thinking that death was not the worst kind of parting. There was another, far more dreadful. Mrs. Carlyle began to speak of the children she was to take charge of.

"You are no doubt aware that they are not mine; Mrs. Latimer would tell you. They are the children of Mr. Carlyle's first wife."

"And Mr. Carlyle's," interrupted Lady Isabel. What in the world had made her put in that? She wondered herself, the moment the words were out of her mouth. A scarlet streak flushed her cheeks, and she remembered that there must be no speaking upon impulse at East Lynne.

"Mr. Carlyle's of course," said Barbara, believing Madame Vine had but asked the question. "Their position—the girl's particularly—is a sad one, for their mother left them. Oh, it was a shocking business."

"She is dead, I hear," said Lady Isabel, hoping to turn the immediate point of conversation. Mrs. Carlyle, however, continued, as though she had not heard her.

"Mr. Carlyle married Lady Isabel Vane, the late Lord Mount Severn's daughter. She was attractive and beautiful, but I do not fancy she cared very much for her husband. However that may have been, she ran away from him."

"It was very sad," observed Lady Isabel, feeling that she was expected to say something. Besides she had her rule to play.

"Sad? It was wicked—it was infamous," returned Mrs. Carlyle, giving way to some excitement. "Of all men living, of all husbands, Mr. Carlyle least deserved such a requital. You will say so when you come to know him. And the affair altogether was a mystery; for it never was observed or suspected by any one, that Lady Isabel entertained a liking for another. It was Francis Levison she eloped with—Sir Francis he is now. He had been staying at East Lynne, but no one detected any undue intimacy between them, not even Mr. Carlyle. To him, as to others, her conduct must always remain a mystery."

Madame Vine appeared to be occupied with her spectacles, setting them straight, Barbara continued.

"Of course the disgrace is reflected on the children, and always will be; the shame of having a divorced mother—"

"Is she not dead?" interrupted Lady Isabel.

"She is dead. Oh, yes. But they will not be the less pointed at, the girl especially, as I say. They allude to their mother now and then in their conversation, Wilson tells me; but I would recommend you, Madame Vine, not to encourage them in that. They had better forget her."

"Mr. Carlyle would naturally wish them to do so."

"Most certainly. There is little doubt that Mr. Carlyle would blot out all recollection of her, were it possible. But unfortunately she was the children's mother, and, for that, there is no help. I trust you will be able to instil principles into the little girl which will keep her from a like fate."

"I will try," answered Lady Isabel, with more fervor than she had yet spoken. "Do you have the children much with you, may I inquire?"

"No. I never was fond of being troubled with children. When my own grow up into childhood I shall deem the nursery and the school-room the fitter place for them. What I trust I shall never give up to another, will be the training of my children," pursued Barbara. "Let the offices, properly pertaining to a nurse, be performed by the nurse—of course taking care that she is thoroughly to be depended on. Let her have the trouble of the children, their noise, their romping; in short, let the nursery be her place and the children's. But I hope that I shall never fail to gather my children round me daily, at stated and convenient periods, for higher purposes: to instil into them Christian and moral duties: to strive to teach them how best to fulfil the obligations of life. This is a mother's task—as I understand the question; let her do this work well, and the nurse can attend to the rest. A child should never hear aught from its mother's lips but persuasive gentleness; and this becomes impossible, if she is very much with her children."

Lady Isabel silently assented. Mrs. Carlyle's views were correct ones.

"When I first came to East Lynne, I found Miss Manning, the governess, was doing everything necessary for Mr. Carlyle's children in the way of the training that I speak of," resumed Barbara. "She had them with her for a short period every morning, even the little one; I saw that it was all right, therefore did not interfere. Since she left—it is nearly a month now—I have taken them myself. We were sorry to part with Miss Manning; she suited very well. But she has been long engaged, it turns out, to an officer in the navy, and now they are to be married. You will have the entire charge of the little girl; she will be your companion out of school hours; did you understand that?"

"I am quite ready and willing to undertake it," said Lady Isabel, her heart fluttering. "Are the children well? Do they enjoy good health?"

"Quite so. They had the measles in the spring, and the illness left a cough upon William, the eldest boy. Mr. Wainwright says he will outgrow it."

"He has it still, then?"

"At night and morning. They went last week to spend the day with Miss Carlyle, and were a little late in returning home. It was foggy, and the boy coughed dreadfully after he came in. Mr. Carlyle was so concerned that he left the dinner-table and went up to the nursery; he gave Joyce strict orders that the child should never again be out in the evening air, so long as the cough was upon him. We had never heard him cough like that."

"Do you fear consumption?" asked Lady Isabel, in a low tone.

"I do not fear that, or any other incurable disease for them," answered Barbara. "I think, with Mr. Wainwright, that time will remove the cough. The children come of a healthy stock on the father's side; and I have no reason to think they do not on their mother's. She died young, you will say. Ay, but she did not die of disease; her death was the result of accident. Mrs. Latimer wrote us word you were of gentle birth and breeding," she continued, changing the subject of conversation. "I am sure you will excuse my speaking of these particulars," Barbara added, in a tone of apology, "but this is our first interview—our preliminary interview, it may in a measure be called, for we could not say much by letter."

"I was born and reared a gentlewoman," answered Lady Isabel.

"Yes, I am sure of it; there is no mistaking the tone of a gentlewoman," said Barbara. "How sad it is when pecuniary reverses fall upon us! I dare say you never thought to go out as a governess."

A half smile positively crossed her lips. She think to go out as a governess!—the Earl of Mount Severn's only child. "Oh, no, never," she said, in reply.

"Your husband, I fear, did not leave you well off. Mrs. Latimer said something to that effect."

"When I lost him, I lost all," was the answer. And Mrs. Carlyle was struck with the wailing pain betrayed in the tone. At that moment a maid entered.

"Nurse says the baby is undressed, and quite ready for you, ma'am," she said, addressing her mistress.

Mrs. Carlyle rose, but hesitated as she was moving away.

"I will have the baby here to-night," she said to the girl. "Tell nurse to put a shawl round him and bring him down. It is the hour for my baby's supper," she smiled, turning to Lady Isabel. "I may as well have him here for once, as Mr. Carlyle is out. Sometimes I am out myself, and then he has to be fed."

"You do not stay in-doors for the baby, then?"

"Certainly not. If I and Mr. Carlyle have to be out in the evening, baby gives way. I should never give up my husband for my baby; never, never, dearly as I love him."

The nurse came in—Wilson. She unfolded a shawl, and placed the baby on Mrs. Carlyle's lap. A proud, fine, fair young baby, who reared his head and opened wide his great blue eyes, and beat his arms at the lights of the chandelier, as no baby of nearly six months old ever did yet. So thought Barbara. He was in his clean white night-gown and night-cap, with their pretty crimped frills and border; altogether a pleasant sight to look upon. She had once sat in that very chair, with a baby as fair upon her knee; but all that was past and gone. She leaned her hot head upon her hand, and a rebellious sigh of envy went forth from her aching heart.

Wilson, the curious, was devouring her with her eyes. Wilson was thinking she never saw such a mortal fright as the new governess. Them blue spectacles capped everything, she decided; and what on earth made her tie up her throat in that fashion? As well wear a man's collar and stock at once! If her teaching was no better than her looks, Miss Lucy might as well go to the parish charity school!

"Shall I wait, ma'am?" demurely asked Wilson, her investigation being concluded.

"No," said Mrs. Carlyle. "I will ring."

Baby was exceedingly busy taking his supper. And of course, according to all baby precedent, he ought to have gone off into a sound sleep over it. But the supper concluded, and the gentleman seemed to have no more sleep in his eyes than he had before he began. He sat up, crowed at the lights, stretched out his hands for them, and set his mother at defiance, absolutely refusing to be hushed up.

"Do you wish to keep awake all night you rebel?" cried Barbara, fondly looking on him.

A loud crow, by way of answer. Perhaps it was intended to intimate that he did. She clasped him to her with a sudden gesture of rapture, a sound of love, and devoured his pretty face with kisses. Then she took him in her arms, putting him to sit upright, and approached Madame Vine.

"Did you ever see a more lovely child?"

"A fine baby, indeed," she constrained herself to answer; and she could have fancied it her own little Archibald over again when he was a baby. "But he is not much like you."

"He is the very image of my darling husband. When you see Mr. Carlyle—" Barbara stopped, and bent her ear, as if listening.

"Mr. Carlyle is probably a handsome man!" said poor Lady Isabel, believing that the pause was made to give her an opportunity of putting in an observation.

"He is handsome; but that is the least good about him. He is the most noble man! revered, respected by every one; I may say, loved! The only one who could not appreciate him was his wife; and we must assume that she did not, by the ending that came. However she could leave him—how she could even look at another, after calling Mr. Carlyle husband—will always be a marvel to those who know him."

A bitter groan—and it nearly escaped her lips.

"That certainly is the pony carriage," cried Barbara, bending her ear again. "If so, how very early Mr. Carlyle is home! Yes, I am sure it is the sound of the wheels."

How Lady Isabel sat she scarcely knew; how she concealed her trepidation she never would know. A pause; an entrance to the hall; Barbara, baby in arms, advanced to the drawing-room door, and a tall form entered. Once more Lady Isabel was in the presence of her sometime husband.

He did not perceive that any one was present, and he bent his head and fondly kissed his wife. Isabel's jealous eyes were turned upon them. She saw Barbara's passionate lingering kiss in return, she heard her fervent, whispered greeting. "My darling!" and she watched him turn to press the same fond kisses on the rosy, open lips of his child. Isabel flung her hands over her face. Had she bargained for this? It was part of the cross she had undertaken to carry, and she must bear it.

Mr. Carlyle came forward and saw her. He looked somewhat surprised. "Madame Vine," said Barbara; and he held out his hand and welcomed her in the same cordial, pleasant manner that his wife had done. She put her shaking hand into his; there was no help for it. Little thought Mr. Carlyle that that hand had been tenderly clasped in his a thousand times—that it was the one pledged to him at the altar at Castle Marling.

She sat down on her chair again, unable to stand, feeling as though every drop of blood within her had left her body. It had certainly left her face. Mr. Carlyle made a few civil inquiries as to her journey, but she did not dare to raise her eyes to his, as she breathed forth the answers.

"You are at home soon, Archibald," said Barbara addressing him. "I did not expect you so early. I did not think you could get away. Do you know what I was wishing to day?" she continued. "Papa is going to London with Squire Pinner, to see those new agricultural implements—or whatever it is. They are sure to be away as much as three days. I was thinking if we could but persuade maroma to come to us for the time papa is to be away, it would be a delightful little change for her—a break in her monotonous life."

"I wish you could," warmly spoke Mr. Carlyle. "Her life, since you left, is a monotonous one; though, in her gentle patience, she will not say so. It is a happy thought, Barbara, and I only hope it may be carried out. Mrs. Carlyle's mother is an invalid, and lonely, for she has no child at home with her now," he added, in a spirit of politeness, addressing himself to Madame Vine.

She simply bowed her head; trust herself to speak she did not. Mr. Carlyle scanned her face attentively, as she sat, her spectacles bent downward. She did not appear inclined to be sociable, and he turned to the baby, who was wider awake than ever.

"Young sir, I should like to know what brings you up, and here, at this hour."

"You may well ask," said Barbara. "I just had him brought down, as you were not here, thinking he would be asleep directly. And only look at him!—no more sleep in his eyes than there is in mine."

She would have hushed him to her as she spoke, but the young gentleman stoutly repudiated it. He set up a half cry, and struggled his arms and his head free again, crowing the next moment most impudently. Mr. Carlyle took him.

"It is of no use, Barbara; he is beyond your coaxing this evening." And he tossed the child in his strong arms, held him up to the chandelier, made him bob at the baby in the pier-glass, until the rebel was in an ecstasy of delight. Finally he smothered his face with kisses, as Barbara had done. Barbara rang the bell.

Oh! can you imagine what it was for Lady Isabel? So had he tossed, so had he kissed her children, she standing by, the fond, proud, happy mother, as Barbara was standing now. Mr. Carlyle came up to her.

"Are you fond of these little troubles, Madame Vine? This one is a fine fellow, they say."

"Very fine. What is his name?" she replied, by way of saying something.

"Arthur."

"Arthur Archibald," put in Barbara to Madame Vine. "I was vexed that his name could not be entirely Archibald, but that was already monopolized. Is that you, Wilson? I don't know what you'll do with him, but he looks as if he would not be asleep by twelve o'clock."

Wilson, with a fresh satisfying of her curiosity, by taking another prolonged stare, from the corner of her eyes, at Madame Vine, received the baby from Mr. Carlyle, and departed with him.

Madame Vine rose. Would they excuse her? she asked in a low tone; she was tired, and would be glad to retire to rest.

Of course. And anything she might wish, in the way of refreshment, would she ring for? Barbara shook hands with her, in her friendly way; and Mr Carlyle crossed the room to open the door for her, and bowed her out with a courtly smile.

She went up to her chamber at once. To rest? Well, what think you? She strove to say to her lacerated and remorseful heart, that the cross—far heavier though it was proving, than anything she had imagined or pictured—was only what she had brought upon herself, and must bear. Very true; but none of us would like such a cross to be upon our shoulders.

"Is she not droll looking?" cried Barbara, when she was alone with Mr. Carlyle. "I can't think why she wears those blue spectacles; it cannot be for her sight, and they are very disfiguring."

"She puts me in mind of—of"—began Mr. Carlyle, in a dreamy tone.

"Of whom?"

"Her face, I mean," he said, still dreaming.

"So little can be seen of it," resumed Mrs. Carlyle. "Of whom does she put you in mind?"

"I don't know. Nobody in particular," returned he, rousing himself. "Let us have tea in, Barbara."

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 31.)

Visit Your Parents.

If you live in the same place let your step be—if possible daily—a familiar one in the old home; if you are miles—yes, many miles away, make it your business to go to your parents. In this matter do not regard time or expense; the one is well spent, and the other will be fully, even a hundred-fold, repaid. When some day the word reaches you, flashed over the telegraph, that your father or mother is gone, you will not think them much, those hours of travel, which last bore you to the loved one's side.

☞ This story is told of a seven-year-old cynic at a juvenile party. He kept aloof from the rest of the company and the lady of the house called to him, saying: "Come and play and dance, my dear. Choose one of those pretty girls for your wife." "Not likely!" cried the young cynic. "No wife for me! Do you think I want to be worried out of my life like poor papa?"

DESPERATE ADVENTURE OF A VISITOR IN NEW YORK.

(From a late number of the N. Y. Times.)

Mr. A. B. Morris is a lawyer, and his place of residence is Watertown, N. Y. He came to this city about ten days ago, on his way to the South, and having some business to transact here, put up at the Park Hotel. On the day before yesterday he made an agreement with a friend to go to the Union-square Theatre to see "Led Astray," little thinking at the time, as he says, that before seeing the fiction he would be most egregiously led astray himself. But so he was, as the result will show. Mr. Morris had agreed with his friend to meet him at the corner of Broadway and Canal street at 6.30 o'clock, from whence they were to go to the theatre together. Mr. Morris arrived at the place of meeting rather early, and while waiting for his friend amused himself by watching the passers-by. Presently he was accosted by a young woman who was very neatly though poorly dressed, and of a most respectable appearance. She began by saying "are you ready to go with me now, sir?" and then, in apparent confusion, begged his pardon for speaking to him. She said she had taken him for a gentleman she had seen in the dollar-store. She then went on to tell him that she was in great trouble and distress. "I have a dying mother and a sister in the last stage of consumption," she said, "and I am unable to pay the rent of our room, and the landlord threatens to turn us out this very night if I do not pay." "Here," said Mr. Morris, "she began to cry, and great tears ran down her cheeks; there was no humbug there, for I saw them." He asked her how much she owed, and she told him $2. "But I don't want you to give me the money here, sir," she said, "I want you to see for yourself that I am not deceiving you. I never asked for charity before, but when the panic came I was discharged, along with several other girls, from the dollar-store, and since then have been unable to get any work. I live only a few blocks away from here, and if you can spare time, I would like to have you see my mother and sister, and the condition we are in."

"And, like a fool," said Mr. Morris, "I looked at my watch, and seeing that I had yet a half an hour to spare, I went with her. We went east from Canal street, and turned into a side street, and after a while we came to a house and ascended two or three steps, and entered a narrow hallway. There the woman opened a door on the right, and asked me to walk in and wait until she could advise her mother that some one was coming to see her. The room was warm and comfortable; a fire was burning in the grate, at the further end there was a lounge. In front of the fire and nearer to it than the lounge, was a cottage bedstead. "You will have to sit on the bed, sir," said the woman, "as there are no chairs. I will take off my shawl, and go at once to my mother." "I had been warming my hands at the fire," continued Mr. Morris, "and at the woman's suggestion sat down on the bed, about two feet from the foot, the woman standing in front of me, with her shawl in her hands. Hardly had I seated myself when she sprang upon me like a tigress, throwing the shawl over my head. At the same moment I felt my feet grasped by some one under the bed. I then felt that I had to struggle for my life. I had $300 in money in my pocketbook, a draft for $150, and a $500 dollar watch in my vest pocket. I could not see, as my head was completely enveloped in the shawl, but I felt a strong pull at my watch chain, and afterward I felt a hand in my pocket where my money was. I made a tremendous effort, and succeeded in throwing the woman over the foot of the bed. I then sprang up and freed my feet and rushed to the farther corner of the room. Then the woman again attacked me, but I knocked her down, and then, taking a large pearl-handled, silver mounted knife from my pocket, I swore that if anybody attacked me again I would put a bullet through him. The darkness of the room no doubt prevented them from seeing that the formidable revolver was only a pocket knife, and that was what saved me, I suppose. I then went to the door, and to my astonishment found it locked, bolted and barred. I drew back the bolt and took down the bar; but could not unlock the door, as the key was gone. Finally, I broke off the catch of the lock with the bar, and found myself at liberty. I rushed out through the hall into the street, and did not stop until I found a policeman. Then a reaction came on, and I felt utterly weak and prostrate, and no wonder, for I am firmly persuaded that I had only escaped death by a mere chance, and besides the desperate struggle I had just passed through had weakened me considerably. I afterward went back over the ground with a policeman, but was unable to identify the house, although I did my best to do so. I am sure, though," said he, "that it is in Elm or Centre street. Being a stranger in the city I had not noticed the locality when I went with the woman, and I was too much agitated to do so at the time of my escape. After it was all over I examined my pockets and found that I had lost nothing. My watch was saved from the fact that the chain was very strong, and was fastened to my vest with a snap. I shall never let my humanity get the better of my feelings again," concluded Mr. Morris.

Woman and War.

The most brilliant military conception on the loyal side during the civil war was the piercing of the confederate lines by the Tennessee river route. It led to the occupation of Nashville, compelled the abandonment of Island No. 10, on the Mississippi, and made possible Sherman's march to the sea. It appears that the credit of it is due to Miss Anna Ella Carroll. The claim would be incredible but for the following letter of the Hon. Thomas A. Scott, Mr. Stanton's assistant secretary during that period of the war:

"PHILADELPHIA, June 24, 1870.

"On or about the 30th of November, 1861, Miss Carroll, as stated in her memorial, called on me, as Assistant Secretary of War, and suggested the propriety of abandoning the expedition which was then preparing to descend the Mississippi river, and to adopt instead the Tennessee river, and handed me the plan of campaign, as appended to her memorial, which plan I submitted to the Secretary of War, and its general ideas were adopted. On my return from the Southwest in 1862, I informed Miss Carroll, as she states in her memorial, that through the adoption of this plan the country had been saved millions, and that it entitled her to the kind consideration of Congress. THOMAS A. SCOTT."

Colonel Scott's testimony is confirmed by other witnesses of the highest social standing.

☞ Victorien Sardou is black haired, blue-eyed, slight and pale. In one position his face resembles, according to an observant writer, that of a fawn. There is wit and a touch of malice in his smile.

DISILLUSIONEE.

"It is not gold!"—and from my wrist
He slipped the bracelet's glittering wire,
And o'er it shook, (grave alchemist),
The liquid test, like drops of fire.
Lo! where it fell, the base alloy
Burned green. I crushed the worthless toy.

False gold—false love. A moment flat!
This image of my friend I hold,
O true and tender alchemist!
Try with thy test if this be gold.
One touch—one drop. O false and base!
Would I had never known thy face!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

STRATFORD-ON-THE-AVON.

BY F. B. CALLAWAY.

"Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream."

As clear waters are colored by the sky above, so the human life is colored by its surroundings. The beautiful scenery around Stratford-on-the-Avon must have made a deep impression on Shakspeare's soul, in his childhood. The Avon here winds through a lovely valley, bounded, in the distance, by blue, undulating hills. All the intervening landscape of sunny field, and wood, and dell, is enchained in the silver links of this gentle river. Not far away the grand old castle of Warwick pictures its walls and towers and turrets in these clear waters, and beyond Warwick, Kenilworth lifts up its lordly halls, so famed in history and romance.

We may fancy young Will as following the windings of the Avon, on many a bright morning, listening to the carolings of merry birds, or breathing in the delicious incense of beds of wild thyme and banks of violets, that blossomed so richly along the limpid river. In after years he heard the music that his soul had captured on such blithe mornings. The echo of birds' songs is still ringing in such exquisite melodies as that in Cymbeline.

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise:
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chalicèd flowers that lies,
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet arise!
Arise! arise!"

Although wild and frolicsome as any of the other boys who roamed with him, Will was gifted with the quick sympathy of a refined nature. A wild-wood flower was not too small a thing for him to love. He saw the round drops of dew "swelling in their pretty eyes like tears," and grieved to have the "rough wind shake the darling buds of May." We do not love the poet less because the fragrance of wild flowers mingles with the music of his lines. Rather more, for the tender sympathy of the boy wrought the crowning glory of the poet.

Where leafy glades throw their quivering shadows over the grassy banks and sunlit waters of the Avon, his mind drank deep but quiet draughts of inspiration from the beauty of nature. From his wanderings through this rich scenery, and his dreaming in these romantic solitudes, he afterward drew his enchanting woodland scenes. The cool green light of this wild-wood bathes that delicious little song:—

"Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry throat
Unto the sweet bird's note,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall we see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

In such lovely glades he afterward pictured Oberon and Titania, with all their fairies tripping, hand in hand, under the full-orbed moon, and Bottom, with his friends, rehearsing their "very tragical mirth."

But his young mind caught coloring from other scenes with those of "woodland sweetness;" scenes which might first have awakened in his soul the love for acting and writing plays. Strolling players sometimes set up a rude stage, hung with faded tapestry, in the market-place of Stratford, and the thrilling scenes enacted there, so dear to all boys of a country town, were especially enchanting to Will Shakspeare.

In the year 1575, when Leicester gave Queen Elizabeth such princely entertainments at Kenilworth Castle, for seventeen days, it is supposed that Alderman Shakspeare, with his wife, Dame Mary, and their little son Will, came up with the crowds of other people, to see the queen, the masquers, and the fire-works. Doubtless this gay and brilliant pageant, so dazzling in its splendor, gilded many of the boy's after dreams.

Will attended the Free Grammar School at Stratford, but tradition says he was not overfond of his books, and that he loved fun far better than Latin or Greek. A friend, in after years, describes his education as consisting of a "little Latin and less Greek," which sad record is doubtless due to his love for idling away his time on the banks of the Avon, fishing for trout and dace, or playing wild pranks with other truant boys. There is a strong suspicion that he, with other wild youths of Stratford, saw the moon rise more than once over the dark oak trees of Charlcote Park, while they lurked in the shadows for deer. To Will's wild and then untamed imagination, this poaching in Sir Thomas Lucy's park was like "a foray to a Scottish knight;" but bitterly enough did he rue it, for one night he was caught and imprisoned in the keeper's lodge till morning. His treatment here must have been galling and humiliating, for out of revenge the boy wrote some satirical rhymes, and stuck them on the park gate. This kindled the old knight's rage anew, and Will Shakspeare was obliged to leave Stratford. With tearful eyes he turned his back upon his native place, little dreaming how proud they all would one day be of their "glorious Will."

With no fortune but the "jewel of genius," he wandered to London, and there became an actor, and afterward a writer of plays. His creations during the next twenty-six years are the glory of our dramatic literature. So, instead of becoming a great rogue, as Sir Thomas had doubtless often predicted, he became the prince of poets.

He never loved London as he did Stratford, and every year he visited his dear old home. At last, when he had gathered golden sheaves of wealth, and while the sunlight of royal and popular favor was shining upon him, he returned to Stratford-on-the-Avon. There he built him a spacious mansion, and passed the autumn of his life amongst his flowers, his mulberries, and his apple trees. So his last years were spent amidst the scenes and companionships of his boyhood.

Shakspeare's mansion has long since been destroyed, but his childhood's home is still preciously preserved. It is a quaint old house, whose coating of plaster has been powdered to dust by the air and rain and sunshine, leaving its oaken frame to show through the brick-work, like "fleshless ribs." One little room, which is shown as Shakspeare's birth-place, is covered with inscriptions, in every language, written by pilgrims from the farthest ends of the earth. Even the little windows are written and re-written with names, of every rank, from the prince to the peasant. The very chair is still shown in which Will sat when a boy, listening to the rare old stories which went round the fire so merrily of a winter's evening, about "errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, witches, fairies and goblins."

The garden around the house is beautifully laid out and kept, and all the flowers that Shakspeare loved and celebrated in his plays are here planted, watched and cherished with the tenderest care.

"Daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
Bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial, with lilies of all kinds."

Is it not a beautiful reward for the light and dew his genius shed over them, two centuries and a half ago, that their sweet eyes should now keep vigil over his birth-place, and every morning breathe out the incense of their pure gratitude in sweetest perfume?

It is easy to fancy that the little Elves and Fairies come here to trace the foot steps of their darling poet, the sweet singer of Avon; to throw a sweeter perfume on these violets; to slip a pearl in every cowslip's ear, and unfold, tenderly, the first rose of the year; then dancing under the "starlight's spangled sheen,"

"Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will they sing and bless this place."

Italian Battles During the Middle Ages.

In the records of history there are few things more ludicrous than the accounts of battles among the Italian States during the Middle Ages. We read of long arrays of men-at-arms, horse and foot, men armed with all known weapons of offence, cross-bow men, men with the long-bow, lancers on horseback, pike-men on foot, halberdiers, arbalist-men, and men with battle-axes. The collision of contending forces furnished with all these destructive agencies might seem to promise a carnage absolutely terrible. Two moderately brave armies so contending must, it might be supposed, utterly annihilate each other; and so they would have, no doubt, but that the skill of men had been as busily at work to protect their own as to assail their enemies' bodies.

For the time the arts of offence and of defence were equally balanced. The knights were completely encased in steel plates, from casque, gorget and back-piece, to steel gauntlets and jambes; squires in their coats-of-mail, with helm and beaver down; men-at-arms in steel head-piece, with breastplate and gusset; even the bowman had the friendly pavise—the huge double shield, carried by an unarmed companion, and held before him as he drew his bow.

Then let the battle rage, let the knights with lance in rest spur on their ranks of heavy war-horses, and gallop to the shock of war; let bolts and arrows darken the air, let the war-cry be shouted, the clarion ring out and kettle-drum clang; let the battle-axe and halbert clash down on helmet and morion, let lances splinter, let shields be dinted, let swords flash in the sun and the fire-sparks fly off everywhere, under the rain of angry blows.

Let the contending hosts fight it out from morning till sunset; and when, at nightfall, the armies shall be wearied to the death, when the bodies of horses shall be trembling under the load of steel they have carried all day, and men worn out and half smothered in their riveted armor—then will the armies draw off, and count their dead and wounded. There are none to count. A few may be missing, but of wounds and death there is nothing at all. If a horse stumbles and his heavily armed rider falls, then indeed he is a lost man, unless his own side can stay to help him into the saddle again. A man once down lies prostrate till he is pulled up; his armor weighs him to the ground; but even then he need be under no apprehension of the coup de grace from a hostile poniard thrust through the joints of his steel plates; it is only a question of money. He would be captured, taken to his enemy's tent, and kept in gentle durance till his friends should ransom him. True, if he fell in marshy ground he was in peril, for his own weight and his armor's might force him deep down to a muddy and inglorious death. So, it is recorded, there fell three warriors in a morass at the great battle of Zagonara, in 1423, so fell and so were drowned. These three deaths were the only casualties on either side! but as a rule, if a warrior fell, and fell on dry ground, his worst fate was capture.

In this harmless fashion were fields won in the fifteenth century in Italy. There was much of the glorious circumstance of battle, all the "pomp and prodigality of war," and none of its peril, no ghastly wounds, no groans, shrieks and sighs. The grizzly form of death did not show on these Italian battle-fields.

A Deaf Editor Stirs Up a Book Peddler.

We thought everybody in the State knew that we were deaf, but once in a while we find one who is not aware of the fact. A female book peddler came to the office the other day. She wished to dispose of a book. She was alone in this world, and had no one to whom she could turn for sympathy or assistance; hence we should buy a book. She was unmarried, and had no manly heart in which she could pour her sufferings, therefore, we ought to invest in her book. She had received a liberal education, and could talk French like a native; we could not, in consequence, pay her less than two dollars for a book.

We had listened attentively, and here broke in with: "What did you say? We're deaf." She started in a loud voice and went through her rigmarole. When she had finished we went and got a roll of paper and made it into a speaking trumpet, placed one end to our ear, and told her to proceed. She commenced: "I am alone in the world—" "It doesn't make the slightest difference to us. We are a husband and father. Bigamy is not allowed in this state. We are not eligible to proposals." "Oh, what a fool the man is," she said in a low tone; then at the top of her voice, "I don't wont to marry you; I want to sell a book." This last sentence was howled. "We don't want a cook," we remarked, blandly; "our wife does the cooking, and she wouldn't allow as good-looking a woman as you to stay in the house five minutes. She is very jealous." She looked at us in despair. Gathering her robes about her, giving us a glance of contempt, she exclaimed: "I do believe if a 300 pounder were let off alongside that deaf fool's head he'd think somebody was knocking at the door." You should have heard her slam the door when she went out. We heard that.—*Santa Clara (Cal.) Echo.*

Nathan Rothschild, of London.

The high-priest of the Exchange was not happy, even in the midst of his overflowing coffers. Naturally enough he had few friends and numberless enemies. In his later years he suffered from constant dread of assassination. He was always receiving threatening letters, declaring that his life depended on his sending sums of money to certain addresses. He scented murder in every breeze, suspected poison in every cup. In his sleep he had nightmare, visions of crouching things; in waking hours, he started at every noise.

One morning two strangers were announced as having important business with the banker, and they were shown into his private office. He bowed to them, and inquired the nature of their negotiation. They bowed and said nothing, but advanced toward him, thrusting their fingers nervously into their pockets. Rothschild's alarm was excited at once. They must be searching for concealed weapons; their hearded faces made it clear to his excited fancy that they were homicidal ruffians. He retreated in terror behind a large desk, seized a ponderous ledger, hurled it at their heads, and screamed "Murder!" at the top of his voice. A small army of clerks poured into the room, and laid violent hands on the strangers, who proved to be wealthy Polish bankers, bringing letters of introduction to the (physically timid) lion of lions. Embarrassed by his auriferously august presence—what is there in a breathing money bag capable of inspiring awe?—they forgot their speech and their common coolness of conduct. They were nearly as terrified as the renowned Israelite; and as it was their initial visit to England, they imagined that all foreigners were deemed robbers and desperadoes until the contrary was established.

The wretchedly rich Nathan never went out alone after dark, never entered an unlighted room, had servants within call of his bed-chamber, and slept with loaded pistols under his pillow.

A fellow-Frankforter, dining with him, and observing the luxury of his household, remarked, "You must be happy, baron, with the power to gratify every wish."

"Happy, indeed!" was the response. "Do you think it happiness to be always haunted by a dread of murder—to have your appetite for breakfast sharpened by a threat to stab you to the heart unless you enclose a thousand guineas to some unknown villain?"

On one occasion when the great financier had been to an evening party, and had gotten into his carriage to go home, a friend, wishing to make an appointment, stepped out to speak to him. The timorous banker mistook his familiar for a highwayman, and thrust a pistol out of the window, with his favorite cry of "Murder!" before he could be acquainted with the situation.

As Rothschild grew richer and older his fears increased. He became almost a monomaniac on the subject of assassination, and many of his relatives thought him in serious danger of insanity through his constant apprehensions. Most of the menacing messages were unquestionably sent him by his enemies, with whom he was plentifully supplied. Conscious of his weakness, they revenged themselves upon him by inspiring him with baseless terrors. He was repeatedly told so, but he could not be induced to believe that he did not dwell in an atmosphere of poisons, poniards, and pistols.

HUNTING IN BRAZIL.

Walking out just after it had begun to grow dark I saw two Indians standing with their guns ready to fire upon an armadillo as soon as one should make his appearance. The armadillo comes on the table with his armor on, and is found to taste something like a young pig or a rabbit. There are several species, the largest being of the size of a full-grown hog. The smallest species is the tatubalia, which is capable of rolling itself up into a ball, enclosing itself on all sides in its horny mail.

At night, awaking and finding sleep impossible, I arose and looked out of the window upon the forest. The fire-flies were most brilliant; it seemed as though the stars of Heaven had become alive and sociable, and now and then one of these wandering luminaries enlarged himself in my neighborhood beyond all the starry influences I had ever experienced.

A night heron as a vocalist amused himself with exercising his imitative gift; he lowed like an ox, while between his bellowings I could distinguish the notes of the blacksmith's frog, so called because the sound he emits resembles the clang of the hammer on the anvil.

The next day I saw a toad that astonished me with its magnitude. I was picking my way amid the thick and tangled herbage, here and there cutting through the vines and cane-brakes, when I came suddenly upon the monster. He was as large as a full-grown cat, and sat on his haunches just before me, his large eyes standing out and eyeing me with an impudence beyond all that I had ever suspected in creatures of his race. As he sat, with his head erect, his glittering eyes protruding and his gross mouth reaching to his ears, he reminded me of a huge gargoyle on a church of the middle ages, supposed to embody the Satanic influences, driven out from the sanctuary by the holiness of the shrine within, the demonism of the human subject being expelled by the influence of confession, absolution, and other priestly audorifics. Such a monstrosity must have been the toad which Milton represents as sitting squat by the ear of the sleeping Eve, which, when touched by the spear of Ithuriel, sprang up, and revealed itself as Satan, in his own infernal shape. Summoning courage I took a step toward him, when he plunged into the water and disappeared.

Lower down in the stream I caught a crab, so large that its weight was burdensome. It was even larger than the toad. Once, while hunting near an Indian village, I caught one of the great toads alluded to. He knew how to bite, yet I devised a way to take him. Throwing my coat over him, I pressed it down on all sides, and knowing where his hind feet were, I caught one of them and held the creature at arm's length. I took him home, carrying him tied on the end of a stick. On approaching my lodge the spectacle caused great merriment among the Indians. They cried, "Sapo-boi, sapo-boi!" which means bull-toad. I had to be very careful in dealing with him, for when I tried to put him in a suitable position to sketch him, he jumped toward me with a savage-looking mouth, uttering sharp yelps like a dog. This interesting animal was at last dispatched with a stone by my colored man, and he became a part of my collection.

☞ GOING TO EXTREMES.—The Rev. Mr. McCarthy says that to be successful in the pulpit a minister must have a nice head of hair and delicate feet. This is going to extremes.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Dakota has been doing sums and finds that she has only three-eighths of a white man to an acre of land.

☞ "Which of the Fiji Islands are you from?" asked a visitor of one of Barnum's cannibals, the other day. "Tipperary, bedad," was the reply of the ravenous anthropophaginian.

☞ Mr. William Webb, of London, so belittles great things that he offers to put the whole of the Bible, 3,566,480 letters, on a surface of one-eighth of a square inch. He can put the Lord's Prayer into invisible space by the same process.

☞ Charles Roberts, said to be a Boston millionaire, has been sued by the Old Colony Railroad Company for refusing to pay an extra twenty cents for a passage from Holbrook to Boston after he had got on board the train, when the ticket office was closed and he was unable to get a ticket.

☞ The latest thing in dolls, says an exchange, "is a young lady of tinted wax, who, when wound up and given a big chair at the table, reaches out her arms, se zes a bit of bread and slowly puts it in her mouth." The oldest thing in dolls is sawdust.

☞ A little boy who had not been well coached was being examined with a view of developing his theological attainments. To the question, "what becomes of men who get rich by cheating and stealing?" he promptly replied, "They go to Europe, sir."

☞ Landlady—(fiercely)—You mustn't occupy that bed with your boots on, Boarder—Never mind, they're an old pair. I guess the bed bugs can't hurt 'em. I'll risk it anyhow.

☞ A New York merchant absent-mindedly copied a love-letter to his "heart's idol" in the letter-book of the firm, before sending it.

☞ "Put no faith in tale-bearers," chants a religious weekly. That's what makes us hate a cat.—*St. Louis Journal.*

☞ A lawyer in Bucyrus, Ohio, stated at a temperance meeting that having seen his father killed by the carelessness of a drunken man, he took a solemn oath never to drink again. "In that time," he continued, "I have never broken that oath, at least not very much!"

☞ Before Mrs. Spilkins got that new set of teeth last week, you couldn't have got her to laugh in company, on any consideration. But since that time, her quick appreciation of the humorous has been somewhat remarkable. Spilkins, who knows all about it, says its tooth in.

☞ It is pronounced an ominous sign when a man who has been married scarcely twelve months, begins to betray an abnormal interest in the causes of lock-jaw.

☞ A very independent critic was the poet Laureate of an ancient Persian Shah. The latter was himself a poet, and one day gave his subject some of his verses to read, and asked for his opinion of them. "May my soul be your sacrifice," said the Laureate, "they are bosh." The insulted sovereign exclaimed: "He is an ass—take him to the stables." And the order was literally obeyed. After a short time His Majesty sent for him again, and read some more of his verses. The poet walked off without a word. "Where are you going?" cried the Shah. "Just back again to the stables," cried the undaunted Laureate.

☞ Simkins playfully remarked to his wife that he had four fools—beautiful, dutiful, youthful and delightful. "Poor me!" said she, "I have but one."

☞ A Kentucky farmer refused to look at a sample sewing machine not long ago, as he always "sewed wheat by hand." He is related to the man who did not want a threshing machine on his farm, "for," said he, "give me a harness tug or a barrel stave, and I can make my family toe the mark according to the law and Scripture."

☞ A correspondent of the Japan Mail, of December 24th, sends that paper a long satire in rhyme, aimed at those tourists who laud the picturesque scenery and the barbaric splendor of life in Japan. This is the last stanza of the Yokohama poet's tirade:—

"So, of all stupendous follies in those folly-haunted days,
The worst, I still reiterate, is the preposterous praise
That sentimental scribblers fling out with lavish hand
On what they call the beauties of this God-forsaken land."

☞ The editorial gossiper in Every Saturday says:—"It happened to the writer once to return to his native land in company with an English emigrant of the best sort, an intelligent mechanic, who had his wife and children and personal effects with him, and went about diligently inquiring what steps he should take when he reached New York to find the Indians and their canoes in waiting to transport him up the Hudson, or some other river, to Chicago. Here was a brave discoverer."

☞ The London Spectator observes that "there is no instrument with which a thoroughly bad-hearted man can inflict more exquisite or undeserved pain upon his neighbor than with the pen, and perhaps no act into which the breakage of so many of the Ten Commandments can be concentrated as—fortunately, nowadays a sufficiently rare thing—a consciously false and malignant criticism. It combines theft of reputation and false witness with murderous cruelty; for, if few are killed outright by criticism, there have been many whose lives it has desolated, and whose peace it has destroyed."

☞ An ingenious person living on the Pacific coast thinks that he has solved the problem of cheap transportation. He proposes the construction of a line of air tubes between the grain fields of the Western States and the markets along the Atlantic seacoast, through which the corn and wheat and other grains shall be blown by means of immense fans or air compressors.

☞ As Dr. Dwight once passed through a region of very poor land, he said to the farmer, "Sir, I see your land here is not very productive." "No, sir," said the honest farmer, "our land is just like self-righteousness." "How is that?" "Why, the more a man has of it, the poorer he is."

☞ A gentleman having engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work. "Oh, I'm not afraid of a barrel of ale," said the bricklayer. "I presume not," said the gentleman; "but I think a barrel of ale would run at your approach."

☞ As a travelling party were riding through Palestine the attention of a certain American was called to the reputed site of Moses's tomb.

"Moses who?" says Jonathan.

"Why, the great Moses, who led the children of Israel through the desert for forty years."

"How far is that?"

"Three hundred miles, maybe."

Upon which the American remarked, "The Pacific Railway would have taken 'em through, I guess, in eight hours."

When Men are at their Best.

Dr. Beard states that from an analysis of the lives of a thousand representative men in all the great branches of human effort, he made the discovery that the golden decade was between 30 and 40, the silver between 40 and 50, the brazen between 20 and 30, the iron between 50 and 60. The superiority of youth and middle life over old age in original work appears all the greater, when we consider the fact that all the positions of honor and profit and prestige—professorships and public stations—are in the hands of the old. Reputation, like money and position, is mainly confined to the old. Men are not widely known until long after they have done the work that gives them their fame. Portraits of great men are a delusion, statues are lies. They are taken when men have become famous, which, on the average, is at least twenty-five years after they did the work which gave them their fame. Original work requires enthusiasm. If all the original work done by men under forty-five were annihilated, they would be reduced to barbarism. Men are at their best at that time when enthusiasm and experience are most evenly balanced; this period on the average is from thirty-eight to forty. After this the law is that experience increases but enthusiasm decreases. In the life of almost every old man there comes a point, sooner or later, when experience ceases to have any educating power.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

NOTICE.

Having purchased 10,000 copies of "THE LADY'S FRIEND," all in *good order*, (over fifty different numbers) offer them for sale at SIXTY CENTS a dozen.

Each contains a fine *Steel Engraving*, Music, (for Piano, &c.,) Short Stories by the best writers, Poetry, &c., &c.

Sample copy TEN cents, 8 (different numbers) for 25 CENTS, *all post-paid*. Address A. J. PATRICK, No. 816 *South Second St.*, Philadelphia, Pa. my16-3t

$1 WORTH OF GOODS FOR FIFTY CENTS!

THE GRANGER'S PRIZE NOTION PACKAGE!

Every Package put up in a neat box and containing the following list of articles:

1 Pocket Knife (two blades),	25 cents.
1 Dressing Comb,	25
1 Fine-tooth Comb,	10
1 Paper Blood's Needles,	10
1 Paper Adamantine Pins,	10
1 Lead Pencil,	5
1 Penholder and Pen,	5
Total,	$1

In addition to the above, every box contains a nice *Present*, useful, ornamental and valuable. Price 50 cents per box. To Agents $3 per dozen.

40 CENTS WORTH OF GOODS FOR 25 CENTS!

THE GRANGER'S PRIZE STATIONERY PACKAGE!

Every Package containing the following list of articles:

12 Sheets Commercial Note Paper,	12 cents.
12 Buff Envelopes,	12
1 Polished Lead Pencil,	10
1 Penholder and Pen,	5
1 Blotting Pad,	1
Total,	40 cents.

In addition to the above every Package contains a nice Present. Price 25 cents per Package. To Agents $1.25 per dozen. To those who may not understand *how* we can offer $1 worth of goods for 50 cents we would say: That buying our goods in *immense quantities direct from the manufacturers, and for Cash*, we are enabled to *give our customers the large profits* usually made by wholesale jobbers or "*middle men.*"

The above goods sent to any address upon receipt of the price. Agents wanted in all sections of the country to engage in the sale of these goods, which we can *warrant* as the best and most saleable of any on the market.

Address SANDERS & PEALE, Pittsburgh, Pa. my9-1y

HEARING RESTORED.—A Great Invention by one who was deaf for twenty years. Send stamp for part culars to JOHN GARMORE, Lock Box 80, Madison, Ind. my9-2t

POND'S EXTRACT. POND'S EXTRACT.

Invaluable for Piles, Sprains, Lameness, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness, Rheumatism, Boils, Ulcers, Old Sores, Wounds, etc. Also, for Toothache, Headache, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Catarrh, Colic, Diarrhœa, and all Hemorrhages, etc. This Standard and Domestic Remedy can be obtained at all reputable drug stores.

REMEMBER!—*Small* is cheap at 50 cents because doses are light. *Medium* is cheaper at $1, worth $1.33—Saving 33 cents. *Large* is cheapest at $1.75, worth $2.67—Saving 92 cents. my9 4t

GROVER & BAKER'S
IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH

SEWING MACHINES.

SIMPLE, DURABLE, RELIABLE, LIGHT RUNNING, and EASILY OPERATED.

SALESROOMS:
786 BROADWAY, New York,
730 CHESTNUT St., Philadelphia. fe7-89t

"HOW FORTUNES ARE MADE IN WALL STREET."—A New Book, sent free, explaining how money can be made in Stock Speculations by investing from $10 to $100. L. W. HAMILTON & CO., Bankers, mch14-13t 48 Broad Street, New York.

WORKING CLASS Male or Female, $30 a week; employment at home, day or evening; no capital; instructions and valuable package of goods sent free by mail. Address, with six cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 172 Greenwich St., N. Y. mch7-13t

LADIES SHOULD BEWARE OF THE many vile and poisonous liquid compounds which are largely advertised as beautifiers of the complexion, etc. Nothing equals *Madame de Rosa's Anthen*, which is the only preparation fit for a delicate skin. Price, 50 cents, MILLER BROS., 115 Maiden Lane, N. Y. fe28-53t

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
HISTORY OF THE GRANGE MOVEMENT
OR THE
FARMER'S WAR AGAINST MONOPOLIES.

Read what leading Grangers say of the book:

T. A. THOMPSON, Esq., Lecturer of the National Grange, writes: "There is a great demand for information concerning the Order. This you have met in your *History of the Grange Movement* in an admirable manner. The work is opportune, and merits an extensive circulation."

Col. A. B. SHERDLEY, Master of the Iowa State Grange, writes: "I have received your very excellent book; am much pleased with it. Many thanks for the copy sent me. I prize it highly."

Mr. D. B. MANSER, Master of the Penna. State Grange writes: "I return to you my sincere thanks for the *History of the Grange Movement*. I have perused it with much interest. It is indeed stored with '*Golden Grain*' for every Patron's family, and should be in the household of every Patron in the land. I can cheerfully recommend it."

It sells at sight. Send for specimen pages and terms to Agents, and see why it sells faster than any other book. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING Co., Philadelphia, Pa. my9-1f

20th THOUSAND IN PRESS.

AGENTS WANTED for the new book, LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
Kit Carson

by his comrade and friend, D. W. C. Peters, Brevet Lt. Col. and Surgeon, U. S. A., from facts dictated by himself. The only TRUE and AUTHENTIC life of America's greatest HUNTER, TRAPPER, SCOUT and GUIDE ever published. It contains full and complete descriptions of the Indian tribes of the FAR WEST, as seen by Kit Carson, who lived among them all his life. It gives a full, reliable account of the MODOCS, and the MODOC WAR. As a work of HISTORY it is invaluable. A grand opportunity for agents to make money. Our illustrated circulars sent free to all applicants. Write and secure territory at once. DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn. jan10-1f

"EDEOGRAPHY," an art of Writing by Sound; a complete system of Phonetic Short Hand—the shortest, most simple, easy, and comprehensive, enabling any one in a short time, to report trials, speeches, sermons, &c. The Lord's Prayer is written with forty-nine strokes of the pen, and 140 words per minute. The unemployed should learn this art. Price by mail 50 cents. Agents wanted. Address T. W. EVANS & Co., 139 S. Seventh street, Philadelphia, Pa. feb21-cow1t

MONEY How to make Money honorably, easily and surely. 16 pages and valuable samples free. Address Heath & Taylor, Brooklyn, N. Y. ap4-cow4t

"TEMPORI PARENDUM."—12 Pieces of Choice Music mailed for 50 cts., or 5 cts. each. Catalogue sent free. J. E. WINNER, Eighth below Green, Philadelphia, Pa. ap25-4t

$5 to $20 per day. Agents wanted. Terms Free. Address J. BROWNSON, Detroit, Mich. ap18-13t

AGENTS WANTED.—Articles entirely new. Catalogues free—samples 25 cents. Address Philadelphia Novelty Manufacturing Co., 604 Franklin street, Philadelphia, Pa. jan10-1y.

AGENTS WANTED—Men or women; $34 a week or $100 forfeited. Valuable samples free. Address F. M. REED, 8th St., New York. mch7-52t

TRICKS. The VENETIAN WARBLER imitates perfectly all the different Birds and Animals, 10 cts. THE VANISHING CARD—a Card that will appear and disappear at the pleasure of the performer, a wonderful illusion, 15 cts. The BLACK ART; or, Magic Made Easy, a book, giving over 100 of the best and latest tricks with cards, coins, sleight-of-hand, etc, a wonderful book, 25 cts.; or the three, post paid by mail, for 50 cts. Address, O. T. MARTIN, Box 90, Hoboken, New Jersey. mch7-15t

Perine's Picture Publishing House.

AGENTS ALWAYS WANTED.

All kinds of PICTURES, FRAMES, Cords, Nails, etc., supplied at WHOLESALE prices. Send for Catalogues. G. E. PERINE, 66 Reade Street, New York. fe28-13t

Patent Euchre Counter

Just What You Want.
PATENT EUCHRE COUNTERS.
Price, $1 25 a pair by mail, postage paid.
H. MUDGE & CO.,
fe28-13t P. O. box 115, Brooklyn, N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms Free. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. fe14-1y

"SERPENTS' EGGS," 25c. "Magic Photographs," 25c. "Japanese Crystallets," 25c. "Magic Transfer Pictures," 25c. All post-paid. "Illustrated Book of Wonders," free for stamp. H. FOX & CO., 369 Canal St., N. Y. city. dec8-30t

For Marking Linen with Indelible Ink.

The only neat and reliable manner is with one of our superior, and warranted silver, name-plates. Various styles made to order with ink, brush, box, etc., complete. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50c. Circular sent free. Address, THEODORE RUE, Quaker City Stencil Works, No. 234 Arch Street, Philada. mch14-13t

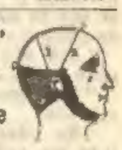
Profitable Employment.

Work for Everybody. Good Wages. Permanent Employment. Men and Women Wanted. Full particulars free. Address W. A. Henderson & Co., Cleveland, O., or St. Louis, Mo. dec27-26t

AVOID QUACKS.—A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, &c., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau street, New York. my16-26t

HOUSEKEEPERS! Electro Silicon is guaranteed to be the best article known for cleansing and polishing GOLD, SILVER, PLATED WARE, etc. Try it. Sold by Druggists, house-furnishing stores and jewelers. Wholesale by JOHNSTON HOLLOWAY & CO., 608 Arch St., Philad'a. mch7-52t

R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to nock.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisetts, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov8-cow1t

EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE A SET OF
GOODRICH'S "SPRING" TEMPERED HEMMERS

Consisting of Four Widths and a Brass Binder. Sent by Mail on Receipt of Price.

For Sale by all Sewing Machine Agents. Price, Only One Dollar. H. C. GOODRICH, 205 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL. 1103 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Inventor of The Goodrich Tuck Marker.

THE RUBY AND THE ROSE.

He was the lord of Merlintower,
And I was out of low degree;
She had her beauty for her dower,
Nor other treasure needed she;
He came, when hawthorne were a-flower,
And strove to steal my love from me.

Oh! she was sweeter than the wind
That bloweth over Indian Isles;
As April bright, than June more kind,
Fawn-wild, and full of winsome wiles.
And I, alas! had learned to find
My only life beneath her smiles.

He sent my love a ruby rare,
That might have graced imperial brown.
No gem had I. To deck her hair
I sent her but a simple rose;
And prayed her, on a night, to wear
The gift of him whose love she chose.

"Come, queen of all my heart's desire!
Crowe me or slay! my soul is stirred
To challenge fate. My pulses fire
Of fear's chill tremor. Sings the bird
Of hope for him who dares aspire?"
A lover's scroll, and wild of word!

We watched her coming, he and I,
With utter dread my heart stood still.
The moon's wan crescent waned on high,
The nightingale had sung his fill,
In the dim distance seemed to die
The echo of his latest trill.

The flower-trailed gate, our tryst of old,
Gleamed whitely 'neath the clustering bloom
Of the dusk-starring jasmine. Cold
His shadow fell, a ghostly gloom
Lurked where it lay. Oh heart o'er bold!
Hast thou but hastened utter doom?

A still cold smile slept on his face,
That all my hope to anguish froze;
Then, in the silence of the place,
We heard her flower-pied porch unclose,
And—in her hair's silk-soft embrace,
There nestled warm a ripe-red rose!

AN ACTOR'S LOVE.

Didier Listrac had never known the love of parents. His mother had expired in giving him birth, and no one knew aught of his father. From infancy he had been sheltered and cared for by a poor mechanic and his wife, who lived on the outskirts of Paris. Being childless themselves, they bestowed their entire affection upon the boy. At sixteen years of age Didier had developed no talent for the trade of his foster-father; his attention was chiefly given to books. An old actor who rented a room in Mme. Michel's house gave him the privilege of reading the few works he possessed, which comprised volumes of Voltaire, Racine and Moliere. Through his advice and teaching, Listrac was induced to turn his attention to the stage, and, having decided to become an actor, the old man promised every assistance in his power, and his apt pupil soon found his way before the public.

Having been for a length of time attached to some of the provincial theatres, Didier at length attracted the attention of a Parisian manager, and was engaged as leading man at a high salary.

By a singular chance the name of the actor belonged to a very high family, simply prefixed by de, and this circumstance called forth considerable comment; moreover, Listrac was an extremely handsome man, in height tall, symmetrical in figure, with a rich, full voice, which was replete with tenderness or fire. In brief, with such qualities it was not possible long to escape attention, particularly as his talent as an actor was most marked.

Emotional dramas were his forte, and in love scenes he could not be excelled. In a word, all Paris raved about Didier Listrac, and many perfumed notes and rosebuds found their way to his rooms; but all were disregarded by the actor, who little dreamed that the mimic love he so beautifully portrayed was soon to be a reality in his life.

A young girl of rare beauty and a daughter of the high nobility frequently appeared in the stage-box. She was generally accompanied by an elderly female, who slept through the performance, while she gave undivided and absorbed attention.

Listrac was attracted by her esteem and beauty, and soon became violently in love. Although his passion was hopeless, he, nevertheless, gave himself up to the feeling. His days were passed in dreaming of the lovely stranger, and at night his first thought was the hope that he would behold her, and, although so far removed from her sphere, might gaze with rapt delight upon her loveliness. Several weeks passed thus, and at length Didier became so absorbed by this silent love that the presence of Mlle. de Lancourt sufficed to render his performance an actual inspiration; but if she was absent from her accustomed seat he was dull and listless.

One morning, while on his way to rehearsal, he was suddenly accosted by a young man whom he had on the night before seen beside Mlle. de Lancourt, and who with jealous love he at once proclaimed his rival.

"Sir," said the stranger, in a tone of haughty disdain, "I believe you are the actor I saw last night in the character of Orosmane, in the tragedy of Taire?"

"I am," replied Didier, proudly.

"I only arrived in Paris yesterday, and leave to you to imagine my surprise on finding an actor bearing my name. Know, sir, that I am the Marquis de Listrac."

"And I am Didier Listrac," replied the comedian, coldly.

"What right have you—a play-actor—to the name of Listrac?" continued the speaker. "What claim have you, I repeat, to the proud name of my ancestors?"

"I am at a loss, Marquis de Listrac, to understand the purport of your words," responded Didier, "and must beg the favor of an explanation."

"It is simply this, sir," continued the nobleman; "I forbid you, under penalty of fine, to longer soil the name I bear by dragging it upon the stage."

"And why?" replied Didier. "It is mine as well as yours."

"What proof have you?" was the fierce rejoinder.

"No other than that my mother gave it to me, and that it has been mine for twenty-one years."

"In other words," exclaimed de Listrac, "your claim is fraudulent, and ceases from this hour."

"You forget, Marquis de Listrac, that your simple will is not sufficient, and that you must gain my consent so to do," responded the actor, quietly.

"Indeed!" was the defiant reply; "you dare not refuse."

"A man who knows the use of his sword can protect his name," added Didier.

"Your sword!" was the contemptuous answer. "Surely you forget to whom you speak, and the distance that separates us. Your threat cannot touch me."

"Possibly; but I can publicly insult you," added the actor, stung by the tone of contempt.

"An insult from such as you cannot affect a gentleman, and if you dare to forget the respect you owe me, I will have you arrested, and the court will rid me of the annoyance. Remember, I warn you, if the name of Listrac appears upon the bills and posters to-morrow I will enter a complaint against you, which I need scarcely assure you will obtain entire satisfaction." With these words he hurried away.

During the rehearsal the manager and the actor personally received an official notice that the name of Listrac must be withdrawn.

Didier was thus subjected to a bitter mortification, but, nevertheless, was obliged to yield to the law, not being able to substantiate his claim to a name his mother had given him in dying, and which he had borne from infancy.

The intense grief which the circumstance called forth in Didier awakened the deepest interest in him in the hearts of all.

A lawyer, who was nightly in the habit of visiting the theatre, and allowed an entrée behind the scenes, had become very much interested in the young actor. His attention was called to Didier on the evening after the event mentioned transpired.

"What is the matter with you, Listrac, and why have you changed your name?" he inquired.

"Do not call me Listrac," was the response, uttered moodily. "The right to that name has been denied me. Read this and you will understand all." With these words, he placed the legal prohibition in the old man's hand.

Much interested, M. Guillemet drew from the actor a full account of his early life, and the little he knew respecting his parents.

"He who laughs last, laughs best," replied the lawyer. "You have been a mere atom, Didier Listrac—for so I will call you—a mere atom in the claw of this bird of prey, who uses his might and money to crush that which wounds his haughty pride."

There was a tone of intense resentment in this speech.

"You, then, favor neither judge nor noble?" inquired Didier.

"I detest both," continued the speaker. "In the past, Didier, I have given you proof of my friendship, my interest in you. I have, as you know, frequently asked questions which may have appeared indiscreet, but I had an object in view. In turn I will give you my confidence. Do you know why I detest the nobles? Because a nobleman wrought dishonor and death upon my father, and I detest the law because it upheld the man of wealth and station, who so ruined us. As a lawyer and a man who hated the world in general, I studied to be dangerous. I gleaned each scandal of the day, became possessed of shameful secrets which gave me power—secrets which noble families had guarded for over thirty years with jealous care. Often in pleading my cases my sarcasm cut deeply, and I was feared. At length I was no longer permitted to speak; my business duties confined me to the private office. Knowing that my life would be assailed, and not openly, I wrote to each person of importance, giving in full the history of such events in their lives as I was possessed of, announcing to one and all that a copy of the same was safe in Holland, and would find its way into public print, if eight days after my death a notice failed to reach Holland, stating cause of death, and bearing my signature; adding that I had no desire to expose any one, unless myself attacked. This saved my life, and fear accorded me the show of respect." The words were uttered with intense hate, and a dark frown gathered upon the brow of the speaker.

"You are a terrible man," murmured Didier. "Tell me in what way have I excited your sympathy?"

"Know first," continued Guillemet, "that among those I most hate there is one name in particular, the Marquis de Listrac—father of the man who has insulted you—who won my mother's love, tempted her from her home, her husband and child. He died before my revenge could reach him, but his son still lives."

"This hatred must have made my name a thing of horror to you," replied Didier.

"What, if, like myself, you have been his victim?"

"What do you mean?" eagerly inquired the actor.

"I mean that the heir to my hate is his son, the man who, with such insolence, bears his name—the man you have offended—your rival."

"My rival!" exclaimed Didier, in confusion.

"Yes, Didier," replied his companion. "I know your secret. I have watched you keenly. You love Aline de Lancourt, and I bid you hope. I leave Paris to-night, and will be gone eight days; on my return your life perhaps will know a change. Adieu!"

The curtain rose, and Didier found himself once more before the public. Guillemet's strange words rang in his ears. When the act was over he sought for his friend, but he was gone.

Days passed; the young actor continued his engagement under the name of Didier.

Every evening he saw Mlle. de Lancourt, and his passion was augmented. About the end of ten days Guillemet returned.

"My friend," he exclaimed, "you are no longer an actor. I have just met your manager, and demanded your release from your engagement."

"Guillemet, you are mad," replied Didier, impatiently.

"No, I am not mad," continued the lawyer; "I have simply found that which I went in search of."

"You are as confused in your speech as before your departure. I don't understand you," added Didier, perplexed.

"In a word, then, you are yourself the Marquis de Listrac."

"What folly!" With these words the actor turned away.

"Stay and listen to me," continued the lawyer. "There is nothing more true or reasonable than what I have told you. Your name, the mystery that hung around your birth, awakened my suspicions. I instituted a search, and found that they were just. I will give you the history in brief. The Marquis de Listrac, who died one year ago, was in his youth a profligate. Banished from the paternal mansion, on account of his misdoings, he, for some years, gave himself up to a life of excess. About the time of his banishment from home he became acquainted with your mother, then only a girl of sixteen. Not being able to triumph over her virtue, he married, and when she was about to be delivered of you, abandoned her to poverty and suffering. While giving her his name he withheld the knowledge of his rank and home, and she died knowing him only as Listrac; and the people who befriended her were poor and ignorant; thus all clue for the time was lost. The marquis returned to his family, and was received with favor. He knew that your mother was dead, and again married. A fire destroyed the church in which the record of his early marriage was registered, and believing that all proof was effaced he preserved the secret. That which was unknown to him I have, however, discovered; namely, that an official register existed which contains a copy of the act—moreover, that in marriage with your mother he gave his signature in full. This paper, a copy of the register, will enable you to assert your rights."

Didier grasped the hand of his friend in silence.

"I am now the equal of Aline de Lancourt," he said, after a pause, "and may aspire to her hand."

The marquis was punctual at the rendezvous named by Guillemet. The proof presented was incontestible; and, notwithstanding his rage and despair, he saw that it was clear, yet he firmly disputed.

"This case shall be tried," he exclaimed, "and you will find your way to the galleys for forging such a lie."

"We will see, chevalier," replied Guillemet. "Meanwhile, allow me to tell you that you not only stand in the presence of your brother, but of your elder brother, whom I recognize as the lawful Marquis de Listrac."

The following day the young marquis returned less arrogant, and offered half his fortune if they would forego the claim, but Listrac was firm in his refusal.

It was the eve of the day on which the case was to be tried. Listrac was seated alone in his room, dreaming of the time when he would be able to present himself before the woman he loved and beg for the right to win her hand. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and a lady, richly-dressed, entered. As he rose to receive her she threw back her veil, and he instantly recognized Mlle. de Lancourt. Her face was pale and anxious in expression.

A look of pleased surprise lighted Listrac's handsome eyes. Accepting the proffered seat, she turned toward him, although confused, yet eager to speak.

"May I ask why I am so honored?" he inquired.

"I have come," she replied, "to ask—to beg that you will not push your suit against Henri de Listrac."

"I cannot grant the request," he answered.

"And why?" was the gentle response.

"Why can you ask? Do you not know? I am the true Marquis de Listrac. In gaining my title, my rank, I have one hope, one hope that is dearer to me than life." His eyes sparkled with new light as they rested upon the lovely face turned toward him.

Aline de Lancourt knew that she was loved. With a woman's quick intuition she had read the secret long before, when the speaker was only known to her as the poor actor. A blush suffused her face.

"I know the hope you entertain," she continued, "but I have come to tell you that I love your brother, and in heart and soul am his, and will marry only him. If you triumph in your right, my family will oppose our union. I will be persecuted, wretched; but my resolve will remain unshaken, even though obliged to seek refuge in a convent."

"Think once again," replied Listrac, in a mournful voice. "Think, there is one who loves you, whose every hope of happiness is centred in you. Have you no hope to give him? Oh! speak."

"None, none as Heaven hears me. I tell you I am resolved."

As she spoke, Aline de Lancourt raised her dark eyes. Seeing the look of agony so wildly expressed in the face that bent over her, she burst into tears.

"I have loved you," he murmured, grasping the papers that lay upon the table, and which established his claim to rank and fortune. "I have loved you—be happy with the Marquis de Listrac, and sometimes think of Didier the actor."

In another moment the proofs were in ashes upon the grate, and he lay at her feet, unconscious—dead to sight and sound.

Women's Sphere

"That woman," says Professor Youmans, in The Popular Science Monthly, "has a sphere marked out by her organization, however the notion may be scouted by the reformers, is as true as that the bird and the fish have spheres which are determined by their organic natures. Birds often plunge into the watery deep, and fishes sometimes rise into the air, but one is nevertheless formed for swimming and the other for flight. So women may make transient diversions from the sphere of activity for which they are constituted, but they are nevertheless formed and designed for maternity, the care of children, and the affairs of domestic life. They are the mothers of humankind, the natural educators of childhood, the guardians of the household, and, by the deepest ordinance of things they are this, in a sense and to a degree that man is not."

Charles Sumner's Habits.

Sumner did not use tobacco, but was always a lover of fine wine, and much of it. His Boston friends provided him with many a cask and basket, and I never tasted an inferior glass of wine in his house. His palate took a wide range—from Sicilian and Spanish light wines to port and Madeira and the best clarets of France and Hungary; he liked sweet-breads, game, large hot joints, and the mountain mutton of the Bull Run and Catoctin country. He breakfasted light, and, I think, ate no lunch; but when he returned from the senate, consumed two hours at the table; and then sat up by a drop-light, opening his mail, reading and talking until midnight. His religious belief was Harvard Unitarianism, but he had great regard for the orthodox fathers in the Puritan, Lutheran, and also the Catholic Church.

"REALIZING THE IDEAL"

Awful disillusion of Mr. Golightly, that earnest young enthusiast, on first encountering at one of Mrs. Lyon Hunter's evenings the gifted authoress of "Heart-Throbs: A Life's Earthquake, and other Poems;" "The Siren: A Tale of Passion;" "Delilah: A Story of the Day;" and a large Family of Sensations in Three Volumes, under equally suggestive titles.

FRENCH SOCIAL CUSTOMS.

The absence of the unmarried French woman in the American drawing-rooms of Paris is the subject of general remark to transatlantic observers. There are American families of cultivation who have been living in Paris for ten years, and are not on terms of intimacy with a single French family, although they may have Frenchmen constantly at their tables. It is not the custom of the French to have an extensive social circle of friends, as in America; often it does not extend beyond their relations, among whom a praiseworthy harmony generally exists. There are many instances where Frenchmen have married Americans, but very few where Americans have married French women; but when it does occur, the doors of the interior are thrown open to them, and they are made acquainted with every feature of that private life hitherto closed to them.

These customs show the barriers which surround the interior life of the French people and the difference which exists between them and us. However much the Americans may be disposed to adopt their customs, they are nowise inclined to adopt those of the Americans. One would think that when a marriage takes place between the Frenchman and the American girl, her intimate friends would have an opportunity of seeing something of the inner social life through the new connections thus created; but it is not generally the case. She is absorbed by her new relations, who have an aversion to that large circle of friends and acquaintances of which the Americans are usually so fond.

* * * * *

The lines which bind relations together are close and strong; hence the prudence exercised by parents in the choice of a husband for their daughter, or of a wife for their son. The man who marries the daughter also marries her family, to the cousin german. The parents look at a possible husband for their daughter with a view to a close and constant association, and they exercise a vigilant watch lest her affections should become engaged in a quarter not approved by them. The parental authority is admitted to such an extent, that if the young man were to propose a marriage to their daughter without consulting them, he would be held as a dishonorable man; the proposition is made to them, and they give the answer, in some instances without the daughter's knowledge. This brings about solidarity in the family, composed of members predisposed to kindliness and sympathy, and it also gives rise to uneasiness when a new element is presented for admission, lest it should disturb harmony. Through intimacy and sympathy they have accommodated themselves to each other's habits and caprices, and have succeeded in living in the same groove. The French are much attached to their habits, the proof of which is, that they can never entirely accommodate themselves to those of other lands, but after a season of nostalgia return to those of their native country. This tenacity to habit sometimes assumes a form that is ludicrous. Matrimonial propositions have been refused because the candidate disliked the game of bezique or the novels of Dumas. A possible marriage connection with a foreigner of different religion and race, is regarded with disfavor, and the daughter is kept away from such temptation by general holding aloof from foreign intercourse.

There is much going to and fro between family connections in France, in the way of dinners, breakfasts, and quiet parties of pleasure. Besides the social intercourse, there are close relations in practical affairs. If a member of the family entertains a proposition in a matter of business, it is submitted to his wife, and probably to all his immediate connections, before it is decided upon. This is in striking contrast to the American, who often concludes affairs involving the half of his fortune, without his wife's knowledge. It is carried to an extent that is wearisome in France. —*Galaxy.*

The Gardens of the Vatican.

The Vatican, situated on the hill of the same name, in the northwest portion of Rome, is at one point connected with St. Peter's, and is the largest palace in Europe. It was commenced as early as the time of Constantine, and was first used as the residence of the Popes in 1377. It is said to contain 8 grand staircases, 200 smaller staircases, 20 courts, and 4,422 apartments. It is in reality a collection of palaces connected with each other. The superb palace of the Quirinal, the usual summer residence of the Pope, is surrounded by extensive gardens. These are magnificently laid out, embellished with fountains, statuary, obelisks, and exquisite flowers and shrubs.

The grandeur and beauty of these gardens is much enhanced by the magnificent trees which surround them, the dense foliage of which is artistically cut into representations of huge stones, forming, in appearance, a massive green wall of enormous dimensions. Between these trees are long walks, presenting almost endless vistas of most imposing descriptions.

LIFE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

We are born; we laugh, we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that sacred deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song
"Endure and—die?"

THE NATION'S FAIR.

NARROW-MINDED POLITICIANS AND LARGE-HEARTED PEOPLE.

The New York Journal of Commerce thus refers to the nation's Centennial exhibition:

The official good words for the Centennial exhibition which we print to-day are worth all that we have read before. The board of commissioners have published many fine things in circulars, pamphlets, and the Philadelphia journals, but they have never reached the public heart till now. Their manner has been a little too dignified and distant. And they have not taken the proper course to bring their case before the whole people. This is now done for the first time by Mr. Welsh's address. Its spirit is earnest—its manner admirable. It reads like the product of one man of strong common sense who means business, and not like the joint concoction of a multitude of commissioners, more ornamental than useful. A series of articles in the same plain, frank, direct vein will do much good. We are most favorably impressed with the sound financial method of Mr. Welsh. He does not waste time asking the legislature of New York to appropriate anything, but he goes straight to the pockets of the people. The legislature would dilly-dally over his appeal for help, if he made one, and give nothing at last. But the people will not refuse the cogent reasons he urges for their financial aid. Some state legislatures have a paltry jealousy against the fair because it is to be held in Philadelphia. But the people are above such small feelings. They are much more disinterested and liberal than narrow-minded politicians and editors suppose. We do not remember to have seen anywhere of late a popular protest against holding the national fair at Philadelphia. All general opposition ended with the passage of the Centennial bill in 1871. If there are any lingering doubts about the claims of Philadelphia to be the site of the exposition, these are dispelled by her magnificent energy in assuming the chief burden of the great work. The city—with the state—has raised nearly $4,000,000, or about half the required sum. This is ten-fold what is really chargeable to her; for, as Mr. Welsh puts it in a nut-shell, "it is not her celebration, it is the nation's." The festival could not be held in ten or five or two cities at once. There is only room for one world's fair in a country at a time, and one place had to be chosen. The honor and good fortune went to Philadelphia, fully merited by her clustered revolutionary memories, the truly national and patriotic spirit she has always shown, and the large enterprise and boundless hospitality of her citizens. As Mr. Welsh is modestly reluctant to boast of his city's thrift and energy and courtesy to strangers, we supplement his address with these well-earned compliments. April 19, 1876—that is the date of the opening, only two years hence. This is a short time for preparations for the most stupendous of fairs. It will not fail of the full measure of its great purpose if the people will do anything like their share in promoting the nation's work and saving the nation's honor!

The Spanish Cortes.

"Are you a well-behaved body?" I asked. The good-natured deputy smiled, and the amiable senora replied, "Well behaved? They act like children. They exercise no self-control. You never in your life heard such a noise as they make. And then how they use up carpets! Spit, spit, spit! They are forever spitting; and what would happen to a woman's skirts if she came upon the floor I leave you to imagine." "Did the rain of expectoration set in with the reign of the republic?" "Oh, no. It has always been. I see no difference." Here was a revelation. The noble art of spitting is not confined to the western hemisphere. It is not peculiar to republican institutions. I breathe more freely.—*Kate Field.*

A Canine Veteran of the Ashantee War.

A bull-dog who already bore about his muzzle some not inglorious scars, accompanied his master, who carried on his breast the Victoria Cross, to the Ashantee campaign. Having, from his breed, a natural turn for fighting, he distinguished himself throughout the campaign. In one instance he rushed into the enemy's ranks, and, singling out one of his naked foes, so bit and worried him that he actually brought in his prisoner in triumph. He was such a favorite with the men, that in a heavy engagement they ceased their fire a few minutes to allow of his uninjured retreat from one of his desperate forays. He lives to enjoy his return and his honors, and is one of the greatest pets of Belgravia.

This is from Edward Everett: "To read the English language well, to write with dispatch a neat, legible hand, and be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose of at once, with accuracy, every question of figures which comes up in practice—I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are helpless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, all your flashy attainments, a little geology, and all other ologies and osophies, are ostentatious rubbish."

☞ A correspondent of the St. Louis Despatch has been interviewing the Modoc on their reservation. He prepared himself for the visit by shaving his hair close to his head, and depositing a small battery in his stomach with an explosive attachment in his vest pocket as an additional security. He also took along a small pox patient as amanuensis and interpreter.

☞ The stringency in the egg market is painful. There has been a large falling off in deposits of late, many of the hens having entirely suspended, while others are holding on to their reserves. It is thought, however, that nearly all will be able to resume in the spring, when the crops begin to move.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

INQUIRER, (Haddonfield, N. J.,) asks: "What is the difference in the Roman Catholic Church between the celebration of High Mass and Low Mass?" High Mass or "Grand Mass," is, we believe, sung by choristers, and celebrated with the assistance of a deacon and sub-deacon. Low Mass is simply read without singing. There is one between these two called the "Chanted Mass," in which the service is chanted by the priest. Besides these there are a number of special masses, as the mass of the Holy Ghost, mass of the dead, mass of a saint, mass of scarcity, dry mass, votive mass, holiday mass, Gallic mass, mass of the pre-sanctified for Good Friday, &c., &c.

O. R. S., (Centerton, Ohio.) Quasi is a Latin term, meaning something which is not the real thing but which may be accepted in its place. Thus a quasi contract is not a real contract, but something which may be accepted as a contract, and which has the force of one. A quasi tenant is the tenant of a house sub-let.

ROMEO, (Beckwith Station, Wis.,) asks: 1st. What is the meaning of the adjective 'marry,' so often met with in the plays of Shakespeare? 2d. How is Marsellaise pronounced, and who was the author of the famous hymn of that name? 1st. It is an oath, meaning by Mary, the Virgin. 2d. It is generally pronounced Mar-a-laise—though the French is Mar-sel-ya'. Both the words and music of this grand song of the French revolution were composed by Rouget de Lisle, an artillery officer in garrison at Strasburg. On July 30th, 1792, the Marsellaise volunteers, at the instance of Madame Roland, marched to Paris, singing the favorite song; and the Parisians, enchanted with it, called it the Marsellaise Hymn. It is popular in France to this day, and is likely to remain so.

G. A. P. The character of Ochiltree is to be found in Sir Walter Scott's "Antiquary." He is a gaberlunzie man—a mendicant or blue-coat beggar.

"PRESS," (Pittsburgh, Penn.,) asks: "1st. Are the Americans the greatest reading people in the world—that is of newspapers and periodicals? 2d. When was the first book printed in English? 3d. How many papers are printed in the United States?" 1st. The Americans are emphatically a reading people, and in no country is the dissemination of news and popular literature so universal. There are but few households that do not regularly receive one or more papers of some character. We have seen it stated that the English are more a book-reading people than our own countrymen, but we have little hesitation in saying that the latter are the greatest appreciators of news and periodical literature. In fact the daily and weekly journals and the magazines are unfortunately crowding the book-trade into comparatively narrow limits. 2d. The first book printed in English bears the date of 1471, and was probably printed at Cologne. 3d. 6,871 according to the census of 1870, or one for every 8,561 of the population.

A FRIEND, (Racine, Wis.) The initials R. S. V. P. stand for the French phrase *Repondez, S'il Vous Plait*—(Answer if you please.) The other initials you give stand for no phrase in common use. In connection with this subject, we might ask, what need is there to employ foreign phrases and abbreviations, when English answers so much better? The use of them is a species of pedantry that we do not admire.

A READER writes: "1st. I read in the answers to correspondents of a certain paper—not the Post—that Philadelphia has forty thousand more buildings than New York. Is not that a mistake? 2d. Can you give me the address of an artist of Philadelphia, who takes ivorytypes? Also the address of a parasol maker?" 1st. There are more houses in this city than in New York, but we cannot say at present just how many more. The houses in New York are generally larger. 2d. We cannot make this department of the Post an advertising agency.

W. L., (Philada.,) writes: "Grammatically speaking, is it correct to say 'during the rebellion,' or 'during the war of the rebellion?'" Either form is correct—the first is to be preferred.

"SALLY LUNN" asks: "How did the name which I subscribe come to be given to the cake so known?" It was so given "in honor" of Sally Lunn, a pastry-cook of Bath, England, who used to cry them about in a basket at the close of the eighteenth century. Palmer, a baker, bought her recipe, and made a song about the buns.

LILLIE, (Philada.,) writes: "I like many others I come to you for advice. I have been receiving the addresses of a certain gentleman for nearly three years, and although he never actually asked me to be his wife, still I always was under the impression that I was to be at some future time, as he knew I loved him so that he had but to ask to be accepted. I was taken by him among his relations to the city, and there I saw no harm in going, but some six months ago he took a notion to visit his relations living some 50 or 60 miles from here, and he wanted me to go with him, but I objected, saying I thought it would look queer, as we are not even 'engaged;' at which he got very angry, and said he had asked me once and I had refused, and he would never ask me again. And although he says he still loves me, yet he seems to be getting colder every day. It is almost breaking my heart, as I love him passionately and truly, and perhaps too well for my own good. I have been very jealous of him, and have kept a tight rein on him, which now he says he is going to throw off. Slanderous tongues have been at work, and have almost completed our separation. Now, I want to win him back. He visits other ladies occasionally, but no one 'steady.' How must I go about bringing him back to me? 2d. How are my handwriting and spelling?" 1st. We think that the rupture between you and your lover is in one sense at least fortunate—it will probably result in bringing matters to a definite state as regulates to your understanding of each other. A man who will for three years pay such attentions to a lady as might lead others to think they were engaged, and yet does not let the lady know what his intentions really are, needs to be brought to the point. How is it, though, that he says he once asked you to be his wife, and that you refused him? There appears to be a great discrepancy between your statement and his, as you give it. Your lover must be a very timid or else a tricky fellow if he could not plainly ask you to marry him. We are inclined to believe that he is not just what he should be. You did right to decline to accompany him on a visit to his relatives, living at such a distance. Such a trip, under the circumstances you mention, would have been highly improper. Your lover's anger when you objected to his proposition was not only unreasonable but foolish. As to winning him back, after all that has occurred, we advise you not to try very hard to do that. Only show him that you are friendly to his honorable advances—desirous of a reconciliation if that is needed. If he is worth having, he will then return to you. 2d. Your composition, if you mean that, and your spelling are fair, but we have corrected one or two errors.

A RESEARCHER, (Hartford City, W. Va.,) asks: "Will you please inform me where I can get Richardson's novel, Clarissa Harlowe, and Matthew Gregory Lewis's romance, The Monk?" Of almost any bookseller, we should suppose. Write to Claxton, Remsen & Co., or J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city.

A. N. G., (Madison, Kansas,) asks: "1st. When quotations are made from Edward Bulwer Lytton, his name is generally written Bulwer. Why is not Lytton used, as it seems to be his surname? 2d. What is the meaning of Mark Twain? 3d. What is meant by the 'pearl of great price?' 4th. Is lightning really zigzag, with sharp angles? It always appears to me curved, like the maze of rivers. 5th. Does whistling make the lips grow thicker, or in other words more Ethiopian? 6th. Is Sirius really the brightest star? Spica in Virgo appears brighter to me. 7th. Is it a healthful position to sleep with a pillow under the back, thus throwing the breast up and the head and shoulders back. 8th. Why is the need for pounds? I don't see any likeness between the two." 1st. Bulwer was his family name. In 1844 he succeeded to the Knebworth estates, and assumed the name of Lytton. 2d. To answer your question literally—the meaning of Mark Twain is to make folks laugh. 3d. Salvation. 4th. What is known as zigzag lightning is really such, the flashes being forked or angular, not curved. 5th. We never did enough of it to determine. 6th. Sirius and Spica are both stars of the first magnitude; but astronomers, we believe, give the distinction of greatest brilliancy to the former. 7th. The position is an unnatural one, and it is safe to presume that it is therefore unhealthful. 8th. It is an abbreviation of the Latin word *libra*.

ARCTURUS, (White Haven, Conn.,) asks: "Is the quotation, 'Vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself,' frequently used, correctly given? I have seen it stated that *self* (meaning saddle) is the proper word, and not *self*. Which is right, and where is the quotation to be found?" The quotation is to be found in Shakspeare's play of "Macbeth," and correctly given is as follows:

"Vaulting ambition o'erleaps its seat,
And falls o' the other side."

The figure evidently refers to the mounting of a horse, self meaning saddle. Suppose, as commonly used, the quotation was correct as to the words. We would then have ambition overleaping itself, and falling on the other side. *The other side of what?*

J. R. R., (Winterbery, Rhode Island,) asks: "What is the meaning of the word Jerusalem?" Salem itself means "peace." It was afterwards called Jerusalem, a corruption of Jireh-Salem.

A. B. H., (Clinton, Iowa.) Faust is pronounced "Fowst." The pronunciation of "tete-a-tete" is tayt-ah-tayt, the ah not pronounced very hard.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]